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FEUDAL TIMES;

OR,

TWO SOLDIERS OF FORTUNE.

A Romance of Daring and Adventure.

(Translated especially for the FAVORITE from the French of Paul Duplessis.)

CHAPTER XLIII.

Catherine-Marie of Lorraine, daughter of the Duke of Guise, killed at Orleans, and wife of Louis II., Duke de Montpensier, was at this time about twenty-five years of age. She was, without doubt, one of the haughtiest princesses in Christendom, as well as one of the most fascinating women in the Court of Henry III.

Her bold, daring spirit, her fervent nature, her courage proof against all fear, her love of intrigue, made her a worthy daughter of the haughty and ambitious house of Lorraine, which was then dreaming of the crown of France, and, later, lost the throne only by the length of a sword.

The Duchess de Montpensier lost no opportunity, under any circumstances, of displaying the contempt with which the weakness of the King inspired her. It was pretended that an imprudent and awkward jest of Henry III. concerning a slight irregularity in the walk of the irascible princess was the cause of the deep hatred she bore him, a deadly hatred which brought forth, if certain histories of the age can be believed, the odious attempt of the monk Jacques Clement.

A furtive glance enabled Diane to appreciate the physical perfection of the princess. As for the latter, advancing to within a step of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, she fixed upon her a haughty and mocking look.

"You are gifted, mademoiselle," said she finally, in a tone of railery, "with that delicate and artless beauty with which inexperienced young people willingly allow themselves to make their entrance into the world. Your affected simplicity, your pretended modesty, become you wonderfully. But it is not necessary for you to take advantage of this kind of fascination, that brings you at length to a despairing monotony, and wears your admirers. How old are you, mademoiselle?"

At this question, asked in a highly impertinent manner, Diane blushed, and her eyes flashed with indignation.

"Madame," said she coolly, "allow me first, I pray you, to inquire the motive that procures me the undeserved honor of your visit."

"I have nothing to do with your questions, mignonne. When I deign to question you, your duty is to answer me. How old are you?"

"Madame," replied Diane, with a firm dignity which made Raoul start with surprise and joy, "your language leads me to suppose that you are the victim this moment of a strange mistake. Allow me to correct your error. My name is Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, and as a lady of high and ancient nobility I am your equal—if not in beauty, at least in birth!"

"Jour de Dieu, my sweet little dove," exclaimed the duchess, "it seems to me your rosy little finger-nails are stretched out like claws, and would like to tear away the flesh! Do not play that game, my child; it would be the death of you. You ask me how it happens

I am here at such a time? Since the grandeur of your station and the humility of mine give you the right of the initiative, and impose upon me the duty of obedience, I must answer you. I come here, my Lady d'Erlanges, to seek Chevalier Sforzi, my lover! Ah, ha! the frankness of my avowal, and my plain language, astonish you! You must know, most noble and illustrious Lady d'Erlanges, that *parvenus* like myself express themselves as they think, roughly, without deceit or evasion. Heavens!" continued the duchess, her ironical air giving place to a threatening *hauteur*, "do you suppose I would stoop to use artifice with you? My birth and position place me above vulgar prejudices. Yes or no, do you dare to dispute with me my lover?"

"Madame," said Diane, indignation showing itself in every feature, and lending an additional grace to her matchless beauty, "the form and nature of your request are so at variance with your dignity as princess and woman that I persuade myself I must be dreaming."

"Cease your foolish affectation of innocence, which does not deceive me," interrupted the duchess angrily. "Have done, mademoiselle; have done!"

"Madame," answered Diane sadly, "the remembrance of this conversation will weigh like remorse upon my conscience for a long time. It must be that my conduct towards Monsieur Sforzi has been, unknown to myself, very unworthy for you to dare to address such language to me! Be assured, madame, I have not the least intention of crowning my shame by entering into rivalry with you. At the moment you came I had spoken to Monsieur Sforzi a final, an irrevocable farewell."

"Madame," Diane went on, after a pause, "do not attribute to fear the readiness with which I resign all claim to Monsieur Sforzi's love. If a brother's affection were in question that would be another thing, I would bravely en-

dure the struggle, heedless of your rage or abuse."

While Diane was speaking Raoul gazed at her with a feeling of admiration, approaching rapture.

"Imprudent," murmured De Maurevert, observing the young man about to speak. "Why the devil does he not let the two victims devour each other at their ease! Now they will join themselves against him and make mincemeat of him."

De Maurevert was not mistaken in regard to Raoul's intentions.

Scarcely had Diane ceased speaking when he advanced and knelt before her.

"Mademoiselle," he exclaimed, in a thrilling voice, "will the entire devotion of my whole life ever compensate you for the grief and humiliation I have caused you this evening?"

"Rise, monsieur," replied Diane, at once moved and surprised; "such a position belongs only to a culprit."

"A culprit, mademoiselle," returned Raoul vehemently, "that is too gentle, too merciful a term to apply to a wretch like myself! Oh! leave me not thus, Diane, do not repulse me with horror! If you could but read my heart, you would see there a repentance so deep, so sincere that, despite your just anger towards me, you would be moved by it!"

"Rise, monsieur, I beg, I command you," said Diane, with involuntary kindness.

Diane, pure and noble though she was, was still a woman; would it not have been requiring an impossibility to ask her to forego such a brilliant, unexpected, and entire triumph over her rival?

As for the Duchess de Montpensier, it would require an artist to depict the varied emotions her face expressed; it reflected with an intensity and rapidity almost marvellous the most conflicting passions, hatred, love, anger, sorrow, revenge and despair.



"MY DEAR COUSIN, HOW HAPPY I AM TO MEET YOU"

The great violence of her feelings made her for the moment speechless. Raoul took occasion of her silence to address Diane.

"Mademoiselle," he cried, "if there is anything capable of lessening the regret I feel at having subjected you to this painful discussion, it is the thought that I am able to declare publicly, before her highness, the unbounded esteem with which you have inspired me, the great love I feel for you! Mademoiselle Diane, I must, I will repeat, in the presence of her highness, all that I have said to you before her arrival! Yes, for a moment, I was dazzled, intoxicated, fascinated—I will not say with love—that would be to profane the divine word—but by a madman's vision! And now, before heaven, that hears my words and sees my remorse—by my hope of eternal happiness—on my honor as a gentleman—never, even during the paroxysm of this guilty delirium, has my love for you ceased to be absolute, boundless!"

Sforzi was about to continue, but the duchess sharply interrupted him:

"A truce to eloquence, I beg!—and lend me your serious attention," she said. "What I now say is serious. I do not believe I love you—no, I am sure I do not. That which has attracted me to you, and which I feel for you, is more than love! Do you understand me? I am not saying that, among all the princes and gentlemen who pay hom-

age to me, you are the youngest, the most elegant, the most witty, the handsomest! My dreams are not haunted by your image! No!—I see you only as you are, such a gentleman as may be met at every step in the neighborhood of the Louvre, or in the ante-chamber of the palace. Your presence causes me no emotion. Take my hand, chevalier—it is cold as that of a statue. My fancy addresses itself not to the man, but only to his character. I have noticed in you a wild and unrestrained energy which has pleased me in a high degree, and which I have wished to bend to my best desires. This difficult task pleased my imagination. I cannot tell you what joy and pride I should have felt in seeing you a suppliant at my feet! From that moment, doubtless, I should have ceased to take the smallest interest in you. Who knows, now, whether I may not find a master where I sought to find a slave! Do you fear to engage in this struggle, in which I have shown myself so sure of myself and so disdainful of your merits, that I do not even take the trouble to hide my designs from you?"

"Madame," replied Sforzi, "to guard myself from overstepping the strict limits of respect towards you, I have to remind myself of your double majesty, as a princess and as a woman. I have often heard tell, without believing, of the strange sentiments which weariness, arising from the want of contact with humanity, gives to the great ones of the earth. Your words prove to me that I have not been deceived. You might offer me your love and your name, madame—if you were free—your enormous riches, and I should not hesitate to refuse them. Judge, then, whether it is possible for me to accept such a degraded part as that which you destined for me."

"And your refusal is irrevocable, Monsieur Sforzi?" cried the duchess, imperiously.

"Yes, madame—irrevocable."

"You have thoroughly reflected?"

"No, madame; honor has no need to reflect between right and wrong. I beg you, madame, for pity's sake, to put an end to this conversation. Do you not understand, by the blushes of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges, that you are committing a crime against her innocence?"

"God's light, monsieur!" cried the duchess, "this is the first time in my life that any one has dared so to insult me. You drive me out, Monsieur Sforzi? So be it. I will take my revenge. Ah! do not smile with that air of incredulity and contempt. My vengeance will be terrible, as you will one day find to your cost. Good evening, chevalier!"

"Brother—Raoul!" cried Diane, with an outburst of chaste passion, and giving her hand to the chevalier, "your repentance gives you back a sister. Your life is threatened, and we will part no more; if you are killed, we will die together."

Sforzi uttered a cry of delirious delight, and seizing the hand held forth to him by Diane, covered it with kisses and tears.

"A thousand million thunders," muttered De Maurevert, "if I am not becoming a woman! Raoul has committed a horrible blunder in refusing the duchess's challenge; but this gentle little Diane is so agreeable that, in his place, I really believe I should have done the same."

CHAPTER XLIV.

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

The spontaneous reconciliation of Sforzi and Diane rendered the position of the duchess as false as it was difficult, and left her no pretext for remaining longer in the house of the Dowager Madame Lamirande. It was with a heart full of anger, though with a smile upon her lips, that she departed.

De Maurevert followed her—he alone of the party appearing anxious.

"Captain," said the duchess, as soon as she had taken her place in her chair, "the vexatious termination of my thoughtless proceeding must fill you with satisfaction."

"Will your highness deign to inform me in what respect the vexation she is experiencing should afford me any satisfaction?"

"Do you imagine me to be a woman who will rest under the infliction of such an insult as I have received, Monsieur de Maurevert?"

"Certainly not, madame."

"Do you not suppose, then, that I shall hasten to take a signal revenge for the humiliation I have been subjected to this evening? I shall need your services, captain, and there will be a rich reward for you to gain in serving me."

"Madame," replied the adventurer, gravely, "your highness, I see—and it distresses me greatly—attaches no importance to anything I say. If she had deigned to accord to me a single moment's attention when I treated with her for my devotion, she would now recollect that I dictated a restrictive clause in favor of Monsieur Sforzi. I am bound to that gentleman by an agreement which my loyalty compels me to observe. Not only is it not permitted me to undertake anything against my friend, but, furthermore, I hold myself bound to protect him from any danger to which I may find him exposed."

"Be careful, captain," cried the duchess; "what you are now saying smacks of treason!"

"In the name of my honesty, I protest against the expression your highness has just employed," said the adventurer, coolly. "To betray you, madame, would be to make myself master of your secrets, and afterwards to inform Monsieur Sforzi of your projects; now, I protest to you, on my honor, such has never for a moment been my intention. If your highness had explained to me her designs—which, thank heaven, she has not done—I should have remained in complete neutrality, though this neutrality might have caused the death of my companion Sforzi. Duty before all things is my favorite maxim, madame."

"So you refuse to assist me in my vengeance, captain?"

"Against Raoul, madame, a thousand times yes; against any other person ten thousand times no!"

"Captain," replied the duchess, after reflecting for a brief space, "I understand and accept the exception you make in favor of your companion, Sforzi. But Diane d'Erlanges—"

"Go on, madame, I beg."

"What agreement have you with her? What consideration restrains you from helping me to punish her impertinence?"

"Her sex, madame! If Mademoiselle d'Erlanges were an Amazon, I should not hesitate to summon her to the Prés Saint-Germain, or any other convenient spot; but can I, in reason, propose to this young girl to draw the sword? Your highness is gifted with a mind too judicious not to see the ridiculousness and uselessness of such a proposition."

"Captain," said the duchess, coldly, "I see that I have grossly deceived myself in regard to you."

"In what way, madame?"

"I believed you to be a man fertile in resources, ready in expedients, of good counsel, cunning, enterprising, active—"

"This portrait, madame, bears a striking resemblance—"

"While you are simply a fighting soldier," continued the duchess—"a common-place duelist—a follower of dull routine—and beyond some skill in the use of sword and dagger, incapable of understanding or inventing anything."

This reproach appeared to affect the adventurer keenly.

"Madame," he replied, "it is painful, when one enjoys antecedents as varied and glorious as mine, to hear oneself spoken of in this manner. Your highness is aware that, especially during the last two years, great ladies have been in the habit of getting rid of their more favored rivals by the aid of steel or poison; I imagined your highness desired to follow the fashion."

"Rid myself of Diane by poison or the poignard!" cried the duchess, with sovereign contempt. "What are you thinking of? That would be to treat her as an equal. No, captain; what I wish to do is to render her for ever abject and despicable in the eyes of Sforzi. Find the means of doing this, Monsieur de Maurevert, and your fortune is made!"

De Maurevert rested for a moment without replying.

"Madame," he said at length, "a fortune sufficient to permit me to live honorably, without troubling myself to do anything but take care of my health, is the dream of my life. There is nothing I would not undertake to realize that dream—nothing, madame—if it is not to burthen my conscience with a disagreeable recollection! I have committed, thanks to my adventurous existence, certain small faults which many people would call abominable actions, but which, nevertheless, do not cost me the slightest remorse. The usages of war and the traditions of camps authorize and lead to the execution of many actions that are reputed odious in ordinary life. At the present moment, I am happy to say, I enjoy a perfect quietude of conscience, to which I attach the highest value."

"A prudent man, madame, must not, while he is in the enjoyment of his full powers, forget that a day will come when the enfeeblement of his faculties will render his mind pusillanimous and timid. He must think beforehand of the tranquility of his old age. Now, I ask myself, madame, whether to conspire with you against the happiness of this young girl, would not be to infringe the contract I have entered into with Sforzi? I admit that, strictly speaking, to attack Diane is not to commit an act of hostility towards Raoul. If I were pleading this in a cause, I should gain the day no doubt; but on the other hand, I see within myself how certainly any distress brought upon Mademoiselle d'Erlanges would fall upon my companion. My perplexity is great; will you allow me to reflect, madame?"

"As you please, captain."

For nearly half an hour De Maurevert followed the duchess' chair in silence.

"Madame," he said at last, approaching the curtain, "I am only the more sorry I cannot accept your highness' proposition, from having discovered a means—ingenious in the extreme—for avenging you on Mademoiselle d'Erlanges."

"You refuse then, captain?"

"Alas, yes, madame! Your highness must attribute my refusal to herself, however."

"To myself, captain! In what way?"

"Your highness was wrong—if she will permit me to say so—to admit her intentions to me. She ought, on the contrary, in the first place, to have assured me she entertained no resentment against Raoul, then persuaded me that Mademoiselle d'Erlanges' misfortunes would turn to the profit of my companion. In this manner she might have attached an intelligent and devoted servant to her cause."

During the rest of the way—that is to say, until the arrival of the duchess' chair in front of the solitary house on the Marché-aux-Chevaux, the mysterious retreat which served her to conceal her political plottings—not another word was exchanged between the Princess de Lorraine and the adventurer. It was not until she had stepped to the ground that Madame de Montpensier broke the silence.

"Captain," she said, "accept this ring as a sign of the particular esteem with which the loyalty of your character has inspired me. I need not, I am sure, recommend absolute discretion to you. While the attention of Sforzi is engaged in securing his safety I shall act against Diane. If the chevalier were to learn that I intend to attack his idol, he would take measures to counteract my designs."

"But madame," cried De Maurevert—

The duchess interrupted him quickly.

"Captain," she said, "to quit the neutrality imposed on you by your double allegiance to the chevalier and me, would be to forfeit your honor!"

"Your highness' logic is sound, and completely irrefutable. I will observe a rigorous neutrality," replied De Maurevert.

"By all the treasures of Plutus!" he said to himself afterwards, on his way back to the Stag's Head, "the duchess is certainly the most generous mistress a man of the sword and mantle could ever serve! She pays me for speaking, and recompenses me for doing nothing. She showers upon me on every occasion crosses and precious stones! What a pity it is I am not twenty years younger!—I might now have lands of my own, male vassals to rule, and young female vassals to marry! Poor little Diane," he sighed, suddenly changing the course of his reflections, "she's in bad way! But what is the use of my pitying her misfortunes before they come to her; when they arrive will be time enough."

On reaching his hostelry he waked up the landlord, and made him serve him with a magnificent and copious supper. Satisfaction at the fruitful results of his day's work expressed itself in the form of a violent appetite. At dawn he was still seated at table. Ten flasks irregularly ranged before him proved with how much conscience he performed the least important actions of his life, and how natural it was that he should at length sleep the sleep of the just.

About the same moment that De Maurevert fell asleep, the Chevalier Sforzi left the house of the Dowager Madame Lamirande, having passed, in company with Diane and Lehardy, a night which had seemed to him to pass as fleetly as an hour. He was intoxicated with happiness. Through the prism of his joy the future appeared under the most gay and resplendent colors.

How much his confidence would have been shaken could he have seen the Duchess de Montpensier given up to all the torments of cruel sleeplessness! The alteration in the features of the Princess of Lorraine, the expression of dark fury reflected in her face; the name of Diane ceaselessly murmured in a threatening tone by her fevered lips, would certainly have made him tremble for the fate of Mademoiselle d'Erlanges.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE TWO COUSINS.

It was one o'clock in the afternoon when Sforzi who had returned to the Stag's Head at daybreak, opened his eyes. He dressed himself quickly, and went to the room occupied by De Maurevert; he was in haste to find some one to whom he might talk of Diane. The landlord apprised him that, though the captain had sat all night at table, he had gone out at six o'clock in the morning.

Raoul resigned himself to await his friend's return, far from suspecting what the captain had been doing in his favor that very morning.

After sleeping for two hours, De Maurevert had waked as fresh and active as if he had passed the entire night in bed.

"Parbleu!" he cried, stretching his sinewy arms; "it is a long while since Monsieur Morphéus has sent me such happy dreams. I have not ceased to tread upon gold, and to handle heaps of precious stones. It seems to me that Fortune must have declared herself positively in my favor. When one feels one's self in the vein, one ought not to shut one's self up in his chamber. I'll bet a wager that as soon as I set foot outside the hostelry I run head-first against some profitable adventure."

The captain, as we know, was a man of action; five minutes had not passed since he had formed the project of going in search of some good windfall, before he had marched out of the Stag's Head.

"What a beautiful morning!" he said to himself; "something lucky is sure to happen to me. I have money in my pocket; I feel in high spirits; I supped last night like a bishop—in a word, I am in the best moral and physical condition to be successful. I have done well to associate myself with the chevalier after all. The more his affairs become entangled, the better I come off. Every one of his blunders brings me in a handsome gain. The day he is beheaded or hung I shall become a millionaire!"

De Maurevert had arrived in the Rue Vieille du Temple, at that time one of the worst neighborhoods in Paris. Suddenly he stopped, and, shading his eyes from the rays of the rising sun, muttered:

"Death!—I cannot be mistaken—it is he! No—yes—it is he! The devil!—I should like at this moment to feel a good horse between my knees! But, after all, we are reconciled; and perhaps he does not harbor any ill-will towards me. No, that is not likely; for this dear friend is about the most vindictive person I have ever known. What if I were to turn back? Why not? To retrace one's steps is not to fly; and even if I were to take to flight, there would be no dishonor in it. He is, according to his praiseworthy habit, too well attended for it to be possible for me, if he attacks me, to defend myself with advantage. Yes; I'll go back."

The personage whose appearance seemed to discompose the captain so seriously, was a man of forty years of age. An indescribably evil and impudent expression was in his face, and he had lost his left arm. Under heavy brows, and profoundly set in their orbits, glittered two small, clear gray eyes of extreme restlessness.

At the moment De Maurevert had taken the resolution to avoid a meeting, the stranger raised himself in his stirrups, and cried in a loud, mocking tone:

"Hollo, dear Roland!—do you not recognize me? Come a little nearer, that I may embrace you!"

"Too late!" murmured the adventurer. "It only remains for me to put a good face on the matter;" and with a countenance beaming with smiles, and with all the demonstrations of a sincere joy, he advanced towards the one-armed rider.

"My dear cousin!" he cried, shaking hands heartily, "how happy I am to meet you. Tudieu, dear Louviers, how well you are looking—y younger than ever, I pledge you my word."

"Yes, I am very well; if it were not for the pain caused me by the loss of my arm, I should enjoy perfect health. The amputation to which I had to submit will end by doing me an ill-turn, you will see, dear cousin."

"I hope not, dear cousin," interrupted De Maurevert. "It is a great mistake to imagine, as is generally done, that the loss of a limb injures the general health of the body. I have even heard doctors of medicine sustain an exactly opposite opinion. They declare that an amputation skilfully performed is a patent of longevity."

"Really, cousin, in that case I ought to complain of your having acted so shabbily by me. Why have you left me any arm at all? While you were about it, it would not have given you

much trouble to fire a second poitrine* at me, or to have given me another sword-thrust, and so insured my living for a century."

The person whom the adventurer addressed as Louviers, and treated as his cousin, was no other than the famous De Maurevert of lugubrious memory.

Louviers de Maurevert, a gentleman of Brie, had been reared in the house of the Princes of Lorraine. The governor of the pages having one day chastised him, he killed him, and deserted to the enemy a little before the battle of Renty. After peace was concluded with Spain, De Maurevert found means of re-entering into the good graces of the Guise. As soon as the Parliament had set a price on the head of Admiral Coligny, he offered to carry out the sentence; then, having received in advance part of the shameful salary which was to be paid him for this sanguinary mission, he passed over to the party of the Princes, and showed himself very zealous for reformed religion.

The better to secure himself against suspicions, he poured forth invectives against the Guise, pretending that they had treated him very badly. After having failed in several attempts to kill the admiral, and seeing clearly all the difficulties presented by the work of assassination, he bribed himself in the bonds of a close friendship with the Seigneur de Morny, who, after Coligny, held the first rank in the army of the confederates. Finding himself one day alone with this noble and high-minded gentleman, in a garden, he traitorously killed him and fled upon a horse which he owed to the generosity of the murdered man. Some time afterwards, publicly pardoned, and even handsomely rewarded by the Court, De Maurevert reappeared at Paris.

From that moment, assured of impunity, De Maurevert equipped a band of scoundrels, and, for money, played a great part in the private and sanguinary quarrels of the Court and city. There was a shout of joy when, three years before the commencement of the present story, it became known that Captain Roland de Maurevert, insulted and attacked by his cousin, had run him twice through the body and broken one of his arms with a poitrine-shot. Unfortunately, Louviers de Maurevert, after remaining for several months between life and death, recovered from his wounds.

Such were the terms which—apart from relationship—existed between the two cousins. The discontent and apprehension felt by the captain, on finding himself face to face with his relative, were thoroughly well-founded therefore.

"Dear cousin," he said, quickly, with the view of turning the conversation from the dangerous track it was following, "if I was not mistaken, I saw you come out of this palace?"

"Yes, beloved Roland."

"The palace of Monsieur d'Epéron?"

"Yes, my most cherished cousin."

"My dear Louviers, you answer me in a somewhat mocking tone, which is very little to my liking. Are you thinking of having me massacred by your escort? What advantage would you derive from that exploit?—to be spitted on the spot; for the devil fly away with me if, at the first suspicious word you pronounce, I do not run my sword through your body! Take my word for it, dear relative, it will be better for you and me to live in good intelligence with one another. It is not possible for me to give you back your arm, is it? One word more: I must tell you, excellent Louviers, that I am on the best footing with Madame de Montpensier—to add the name of the duchess to the already long list of your enemies would be an act of egregious folly. Take my advice, and let bygones be bygones."

"But, cousin," said the assassin of the Seigneur de Morny, with an embarrassment that did not escape the notice of his sagacious interlocutor, "I assure you you utterly mistake my intentions towards you. In regard to the little scene that passed between us, I have harbored no feelings of anger or hatred against you. In proof of what I say, I am at this moment disposed to take you into an excellent affair I have on hand."

"Thanks, dear cousin!—I expected no less of your good sense and generosity. Be assured that, on my side, I am quite ready to accept your conditions, so that they are only reasonable."

"Are you in funds, cousin?"

"To a surprising degree."

"So that you will require to be dearly paid."

"Not at all, excellent friend; I repeat that the pleasure of being agreeable to you makes me extremely accommodating. Your sortie from the hotel of Monsieur d'Epéron has, doubtless, something to do with the affair of which you have spoken?"

"It has a great deal to do with it, dear cousin. Your keenness and perspicuity are truly admirable."

"You are too complimentary, excellent friend."

"Ah!" replied the old page of the Guise, "the expedition to which I have alluded is of no great importance; so that I propose, not to engage you to take part in it, but to turn it over to you wholly."

"What is the nature of it?"

"To get rid, as soon as possible, of a small country squire, who has committed the unpardonable clumsiness of displeasing Monsieur d'Epéron."

"By Job's tatters!" cried De Maurevert, "that offers but a poor prospect. What is to be the reward, dear cousin?"

* A firearm much in use in the sixteenth century; so named from its requiring to be rested on the chest (poitrine) when fired. The poitrine was something between the pistol and the arquebuse in size.

"Ha! ha!—more than you imagine, perhaps! Monseigneur the Duc d'Epéron does not pay according to the rank of this country bumpkin, but in proportion to the anger he feels against him."

"That's another affair entirely. For what sum will you turn the business over to me?"

"For half the price allowed to me—that is to say, five hundred crowns."

"Five hundred crowns is really a very pretty profit. You, then, are to get a thousand crowns?"

"Neither more nor less. If I were not at the moment absorbed by very grave interests, I assure you, cousin, I should never have thought of giving over to you the management of this affair. Do you accept my offer?"

"I don't know yet, dear Louviers. You know that before deciding upon anything I like to reflect a little. Tell me, does the bumpkin fight?"

"Fight!—I will be frank with you, cousin—like a lion! But of what consequence is that? Your people will do the work: you will only see that it is properly done."

"My people, cousin!" repeated the captain. "Parbleu!—they are not numerous. One suit of livery suffices to dress them all—a handsome livery—a suit of armor!"

"What riddle are you propounding?"

"I am telling you the simple truth: of attendants I have but one—my sword."

"Well, that is your business, cousin. Promise me to get rid of this country squire, and I ask no more."

"And who is this country squire who fights like a lion?"

"The Chevalier Sforzi."

"The Chevalier Sforzi!" repeated De Maurevert, coolly, and without exhibiting the least surprise. "Some Italian vagabond, no doubt?"

"No; he is a Frenchman."

"And where does this Chevalier Sforzi live?"

"Not far from here—at the Stag's Head hostelry, in the Rue des Tournelles."

"Very well, cousin," replied De Maurevert.

"Before coming to any settlement, I should like to make the acquaintance of my adversary at the address you have given me."

"But Monsieur d'Epéron is very impatient."

"What the devil!—Monseigneur cannot refuse to wait four and twenty hours."

"That is just the time he has allowed me."

"And it is quite sufficient. If I decide, I will insult Sforzi this evening, and kill him to-morrow at daybreak. That will be within the time specified. By the way, cousin, is he well bred, this Sforzi? May I, without compromising myself too much, cross steel with him?"

"I do not know, dear cousin."

"It is of no consequence, since I shall see him presently myself."

"And your answer—when will you give it to me?"

"At dinner, if you like."

"So be it. Where?"

"At Le More's."

"That is understood, then. At two o'clock, at Le More's."

The two cousins again saluted each other warmly, and parted, each going his own way.

But hardly had the captain gone a hundred paces before he stopped, and, after making sure that his relative could no longer see him, turned and bent his steps towards the palace of the Duc d'Epéron.

(To be continued.)

* The name of a famous eating-house keeper of the period. An ordinary dinner at Le More's cost five livres—a sum representing twenty-six francs seventy-two centimes of the present money of France.

"THAT LITTLE FRENCHMAN."

CHAPTER I.

FIRST ENCOUNTERS.

A gathering crowd in the gay city of Paris; idlers chattering and taking their places along the edge of the pavement—some knowing why they waited, others profoundly ignorant of all save that there was something to be seen. The fashionable lounge, the bonne with her charge, the workman in his blouse, soldiers, sergeants de ville, and the usual sprinkling of gamins, all were there ready to wait an hour for something less attractive than a royal face.

"He can't be long now, mon cher," said one of a group of well-dressed men. "You are so impatient to get back to those wheels and spindles!"

"Impatient—ma foi! not I," said the one addressed—an eager, little keen-eyed man of eight-and-twenty, rather demonstrative of action, as, turning to a lady and gentleman on his left, he drew back with the natural politeness of his nation. "If monsieur will deign," he continued, raising his hat, "madame will be able to see better from where I stand."

The gentleman gave a half-haughty bow in reply; but the lady, with a smile, availed herself of the offered position; a few words in bad French were uttered; and then the movement and excitement in the crowd betokened the approach of the expected cortège.

The roll of wheels, the jingle of cavalry accoutrements, and a scattered volley of shouts, could now be heard. The crowd pressed forward; the sergeants de ville scowled and signed them to back. The lady—evidently English—drew a frown from her companion by turning

excitedly to the little Frenchman, her handsome face full of vivacity as she asked him some question as to the meaning of the procession, a question replied to with equal empressement.

"It is the King, Richard, love," she exclaimed the next instant, as she turned to impart her information.

"We are amongst strangers here, Adelaide," was the whispered reply, accompanied by a gloomy look, which made the lady slightly knit her brow and give her head an impatient toss.

"I don't see that we need always carry our insular coldness about with us," she muttered, half-contemptuously.

"Messieurs, there is a lady—an English lady—here. I beg you will not press so."

The words were those of the eager little Frenchman, and drawn from him by the movements of a knot of men behind, who crowded upon them somewhat rudely, and though wearing the ouvriers' garb, their aspects did not seem to accord with their dress.

So rough, indeed, were their movements, that but for the little Frenchman's outstretched arms the lady would have been forced off the trottoir.

"Thanks—much obliged," exclaimed the lady, and her aide was rewarded with a frank, pleasant smile.

"I am so obliged," said the gentleman, turning half round. "And now," addressing his companion, "come, let us get away from here."

"Only a moment longer," was the reply.

There was not time to say more, for now came the clattering of horses' hoofs; the rolling of carriage wheels; a sudden motion at the lady's side; a deafening explosion as of thunder; and then shrieks, the splintering of glass, cries for help, loud orders, and the panic-stricken crowd rushing here and there, maddened with fear, many to be trampled to death by the plunging horses of the cavalry escort, or crushed beneath the wheels;—then the hurried rush of feet, and those of the fleeing crowd who turned, gazed back upon the bodies of some thirty men, women and children, some motionless, some writhing in the dust.

For the deadly missile—the cowardly arm of a desperate band of plotters against the State—had done its work swiftly and surely, though utterly failing in its task as far as the regal carriage had been concerned. Twelve poor creatures had been hurried into eternity, while many more had been frightfully injured; the road was torn up; shop windows on either side were beaten in.

But the soldiery had not been idle; and seeing the direction from which the bomb had been thrown, one of the cluster of workmen—a youth—had been seized, and a sergent de ville now had his hand on the shoulder of the little Frenchman, who was supporting the fainting form of the English lady.

"No, no—absurd!" he exclaimed. "It was not I. Leave me to assist this lady."

The officer drew back, having evidently laid hands upon the nearest to him, and joined his companions, who were ready to arrest everybody in the returning crowd.

"Clé! madame is not hurt?" exclaimed the little Frenchman as the lady unclosed her eyes.

"No, no—only startled. But where is my husband?"

An opening in the crowd answered her question; and, breaking from her supporter, she darted from the place to which she had been borne by the flying people, back to the torn-up pavement, and, with a wild shriek, threw herself upon a prostrate figure.

"Here—quick! Help, here!—two or three!" exclaimed the little Frenchman. "My house is close at hand—bear the English gentleman there. Officer, my name is Rivière, numero 20, Rue d'Auvergne. Let us pass."

The officers gave way, and the insensible Englishman was borne to the appartement of the Frenchman—a well-appointed second floor of a large house—where they were encountered at the door by a young and well-featured lady, who gazed with frightened air from face to face.

"It is nothing, Marie—do not be alarmed. An English gentleman—an accident. There—there—the couch—good. You—you—fetch instantly a surgeon."

The surgical assistance was soon rendered, and the extent of the injuries shown to be a violent contusion of the head, sufficient to have produced insensibility, but that was all.

"Might he be removed to his hotel?" the lady asked anxiously.

"Oh, yes," said the surgeon, "after a few hours."

If madame would favor him with a card, he would visit the patient again in the evening.

The lady hastily drew a card from a mother-of-pearl case, wrote upon it an address in pencil, and handed it to the surgeon.

Bon. "Sir Richard and Lady Lawler, Hôtel Beaufort." Good. He would pass there in the evening, and meanwhile might need be under no anxiety—Sir Richard would soon be well.

"But these Anglais, they have thick skulls!" said the surgeon, with a shrug, as he was shown out by Rivière. "That splinter of bombshell, mon ami, would have crushed through our heads like as if they had been eggshells. Pouf! voyez-vous?"

Rivière nodded, and then returned to his wife.

"Will they stay here, Louis?" she whispered, as she fondly laid a little white hand on his shoulder, gazing with a troubled look in his face.

"Stay? Ma foi! no. I could not do less. It was frightful. And the poor people are strange."

The ringing of a bell was followed by the entrance of a servant.

"The English gentleman and lady wish to see monsieur."

"Bon," said Rivière, turning towards the door. "But stay, little one—Marie, you need not come."

"Yes, yes—do not stop me," she whispered earnestly, as she clung to his hand. "I am weak and foolish, and you will laugh, Louis—but I have only you; and—and—this tall English lady, with her bright, handsome face—she—she looked at you, Louis."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Rivière, catching her in his arms. "Qu'il est beau, this husband of yours. He is a killer of dames with one glance! Silly bird! what are you thinking about? I had not seen them for many minutes. And there is only one Marie in this world."

The next instant husband and wife were clasped in an effusive embrace, and then they parted—the former holding up a threatening finger at the loving face turned towards him.

Rivière entered the next room to find Sir Richard Lawler sitting up, with Lady Lawler, pale but smiling, standing with one hand resting upon his shoulder.

"Monsieur Rivière," exclaimed the injured man frankly, as he held out his hand, "I am greatly indebted to you, both for my own and my wife's sake. We are very strange and ignorant, and I hardly know how we should have fared but for your kindness."

"But it is nothing," said Rivière, lightly; "and I—we are only too glad. Monsieur would have done as much for me—and for Marie. Let me introduce her."

Rivière hurried to the door, and returned in a few minutes with his wife, when the introductions were gone through; but not without an exhibition of restraint on either side when the ladies touched hands.

"But monsieur will not think of leaving yet for some hours?"

Madame Rivière gazed full in Lady Lawler's face, but the effort was vain, and a pang shot through her little heart as she saw the Englishwoman's bright, bold eyes fixed upon her husband.

"We are greatly obliged," said Lady Lawler, eagerly; "but my husband feels anxious to be back at the hotel, and already we have given you too much trouble."

"But it is no trouble," said Rivière, gravely. "I hold it to have been a duty."

"It is very kind," exclaimed Lady Lawler, hurriedly; "but if you would have a *voiture* ordered for us, we should be very grateful. And, Richard," she said, turning to her husband, "you had something to say to Monsieur Rivière?"

"Yes, yes—of course," said Sir Richard. "We are very grateful; and my wife—we hope that you will come and dine with us to-morrow. I shall be all right then. Say you will come."

"I shall be charmed," said Rivière.

"And Madame Rivière, of course," said Lady Lawler, crossing to the pale little wife, and with womanly grace taking her hand. "We wish for an opportunity of thanking your gallant husband for his kindness. You will come?"

Poor Marie Rivière trembled, and a chill seemed to run through her as she gazed in a half-frightened way at the tall, self-possessed beauty at her side. She was afraid of her, she owned to herself; and a vague sense of uneasiness oppressed her as she endeavored to reply cheerfully to the words of gratitude.

But the uneasiness remained; and when, an hour or two afterwards, Lady Lawler bade her farewell, kissing her upon the cheek, and Rivière had gone down with his guests to the façade, Marie sank into a chair, anxious and troubled, and sought for relief in tears.

CHAPTER II.

A THUNDERCLAP.

Paris was in a state of the wildest excitement, and in club and in street men met to discuss the dire effects of the conspiracy, and the almost miraculous escape of the King. Questions innumerable asked regarding what was to come next, the lovers of law and order trembling at past revolutionary efforts were recalled; but the clouds on the political horizon seemed to trouble Louis Rivière but little, as he sat the next day in the little room he called his *atelier*, busy fitting together some piece of mechanism whose wheels, pinions, and springs he had been for weeks past constructing, ever and anon throwing down file or pointed drill to take up a violin, screw up a string, and then dash off, in an eccentric fashion, some wild refrain or difficult variation. Then, once more the mechanism would be seized, and with a watchmaker's glass in his eye, he toiled on, till he became aware that his wife was standing, pale and anxious, by his chair.

"Well, p'tite," he exclaimed, turning half round, so as to touch her hand with his lips, "how goes it with you?"

Marie's lip quivered as he uttered those words, but she remained silent; till, turning round in surprise, Rivière saw that the tears were stealing down her cheeks, and the next moment she was on her knees, weeping bitterly.

"Is this fair, Marie?" he exclaimed, sternly. "I thought, after what was said this morning, you would have behaved more sensibly. It is silly—childish in the extreme. I say a few words to an English lady, in common politeness, and then fate ordains that I shall bring her to our home to render a little assistance, when, in a foolish fit, you take a violent dislike to her. I will not call it jealousy: it would be insulting both her and your husband."

"No, no, Louis—do not be angry. It is not

that; but I cannot help it. It is as you say. Fate ordained that she should come here; and I fear her, and tremble for what fate may have in the future. But you will not go there to-night?"

"But I certainly shall," he exclaimed, impatiently. "It would be insulting their hospitality were I to stay away; and I should feel that I was wanting in firmness and self-respect were I to listen to your foolish scruples."

"But, Louis!" she exclaimed, excitedly.

"There, there, little one," he said, tenderly—"taisez-vous, and let us have no more of it. Now, if you were jealous of my machine, or of my old Stradivarius here, I should not be surprised," he cried, lightly. "But jealousy!—pooh, nonsense! I look like a gay lad, do I not?"

He made a grimace as he drew the agitated woman close to him, and then glanced with a deprecatory look down upon himself before meeting her eyes, which seemed to tell most plainly that in their sight he had not his equal in the whole world.

"Do not laugh about it, Louis," she said, excitedly. "I feel nervous and troubled. Tell me that you will not go."

"No," he said, firmly. "I shall do not such thing. I shall go. Look here, Marie. We have been married six months; and never, in thought or deed, have I given you cause for discomfort. What you feel in this case is absurd."

"But, Louis," she said, imploringly, "I have another reason. I cannot go; and Monsieur Lemaire is sure—"

"Let us change the subject, my child," he said, taking up a wheel, and once more fitting his glass into his eye. "Ah, Lemaire—you there?" he said, cheerfully, as a tall, gentlemanly young fellow entered, the one who had spoken to him banteringly on the previous day. "Well, and how go the political matters—how the situation?"

"Really," said the new-comer, "I know very little. But how is Madame Rivière?" he said, approaching her with great deference, to receive only a cold and distant inclination of the head in reply—an inclination that he received with a half-smile as he turned back to Rivière's bench.

"When is the Eureka to be finished?"

He took up a wheel to balance on one white finger.

"Finished?" echoed Rivière, "never, I expect. Do you know, Lemaire, that situated as I am, with no occupation, the worst thing that could happen to me would be to get that piece of work finished. What should I do then?"

"Music—madame *votre femme*," said Lemaire, with a hardly perceptible sneer. "Rivière is no courtier," he continued, turning towards Madame Rivière.

But she only uttered some inaudible reply, and left the room, followed by Lemaire's eyes, in a strange, furtive fashion—a glance that she encountered for a moment before closing the door.

"Any more arrests made?" queried Rivière, fling away at a wheel.

"Yes, several, I suppose; and they do say that there will be a grand sweep made to-night, as several have been denounced."

"Poor wretches!" said Rivière, in sympathizing tones. "But ring that bell, and we'll have a cigar and a bottle of Beaume, for I shall be out this evening."

"Out!" said Lemaire, eagerly.

"Yes—to dinner with my new friend, the English milord, and his charming lady."

"Let me see—where did you say they were staying?"

"I don't remember that I said they were staying anywhere; but, all the same, they are at the Hôtel Beaufort."

"Madame goes, of course?"

"Well, yes, if I can persuade her into it," said Rivière. "Perhaps not."

"I don't think I would press her," said Lemaire. "She seems nervous and unwell: I have noticed it these two or three days past. And yesterday's affair did her no good. Have you not seen it?"

"I am ashamed to say that I have not," said Rivière. "But then, we are not all students of medicine, Lemaire. By the way, you ought to have attended the Englishman. Where were you?"

"Oh, I went on to the palace to see how matters went. You had Conté, I suppose? Well, he's clever."

The wine and cigars were brought in, and Lemaire—a young medical practitioner—sat for some time with his friend; and as at last there seemed no probability of Madame Rivière returning, and in answer to a message sent she excused herself on the plea of a headache, Lemaire rose and left the place, promising to call the following day.

For quite a couple of hours Rivière remained busily engaged at his work bench, till a glance at his watch awakening him to the fact that he had but little time to spare, he hurried out, hoping to find Madame Rivière dressing for the dinner to which they were invited. But again she pleaded a headache; and at last, with some little annoyance, Rivière dressed and started alone for Sir Richard Lawler's hotel, to find the young baronet very little the worse for his accident, while to the excitable young Frenchman Lady Lawler seemed the most charming woman he had yet seen, the result being that the homage he rendered was sufficient to draw an impatient, angry look on several occasions from her husband.

But these looks were lost upon Rivière, who chatted merrily on, played with their child—a bright, sunny-faced boy of a year old—condoled with Sir Richard because he was forbidden wine, with Lady Lawler that there were no p'tes, no reviews, no opera, nothing to make

Paris sufferable to so charming a visitor—words which made the husband's brow knit, till the lady, seeing the effect, laughed half-contemptuously, and then, with a mischievous glance, laid herself out to receive more and more of the foreign incense so liberally bestowed.

To Rivière the dinner was perfectly charming, and he appeared to be thoroughly enjoying the society of his new friends; but the waiters had no sooner quitted the room than Sir Richard interrupted an extremely complimentary remark by exclaiming—

"Hang it all, Adelaide, I cannot stand this!"

And he rose, and began to stride impatiently up and down the room.

"But I am thoughtless," exclaimed Rivière, rising. "I talk on, and do not think of your weakness. Madame—I beg pardon, miladi—leaves us now. Let us draw up to the window, and have our coffee. Allow me."

He hurried to the door, and opened it for Lady Lawler, bowing in acknowledgment of a smile which sent the blood flushing to her husband's forehead as she swept out of the room. But as Rivière returned to the window, it was with a frank, pleasant look, his clear gray eyes meeting those of his host in a bold, straightforward fashion that was not without its effect upon the baronet.

"But miladi is charming. You are a happy man, Sir Richard."

"I don't know so much about that," said the baronet, awkwardly. And then, evidently striving to drive away unpleasant thoughts, he continued, "But you have no cause to complain."

"Cause to complain?" said Rivière, inquiringly, for the idiom puzzled him.

"Well then," said Sir Richard, laughing, "madame is also charming. She should have been here."

"Ma femme—Marie? Yes, is she not?" exclaimed Rivière. "Pauvre enfant! But I love her most dearly. She is weak, though, and unwell, and I ought hardly to have left her; but I was put out—and we French are strange: now we are here, now we are there—we change quickly," he said, gesticulating. "And I am hasty, and she vexed me. But there, with Marie my anger is such that a word blows it away. Pouf! it is gone."

He made as though he blew a morsel of down from his fingers, and again gazed frankly in Sir Richard Lawler's face as the young baronet sat back in his chair, asking himself whether this man was honest or only a shameless humbug.

The reverie was interrupted by a clanking noise outside the door, a few words were uttered loudly, and Sir Richard Lawler rose angrily as half a dozen gendarmes entered the room, the waiters clustering round the open door.

"What is the meaning of this? What the deuce—how dare you enter without knocking?"

The officer in command raised his eyebrows the slightest shade, and, advancing to the window, said, in cold, formal tones—

"Louis Rivière, you are my prisoner!"

PRIVATE THEATRICALS.

It was not long before the bell tinkled; and a hush of expectation passed over the audience. The curtain rose upon a kitchen-scene, where the three servant-girls were at work together. Each had determined to be first on the stage; and the author had to bring them on in force. They talked freely in the manner of the professional servant, and so naturally, that nothing short of the reality could have been more humdrum. However, it was enough to look at three such blooming maids, with their fresh gowns and charming little French boots; and how could anybody find fault with the scene, when there was a real cooking-stove with a real fire in it, and a wash-tub, into which one of the three gracefully plunged her snowy arms? And each of them when she went out for a moment by the back-entrance, swung to the right-about in a way that would have transfixed her respectable parents with astonishment, if done at home, and brought down the house.

With frequent interruptions for the sake of bringing in the louts and some heavy aunts and other minor characters, one of the maids managed to tell the others what she knew about her young mistress's love affair. The young lady (an heiress, by the way) was closely kept by her crabbed uncle, who wanted her to marry a man who owed him money; while her affections were forever fixed on one Harold Stuart, who, in the variety of his accomplishments, and in the display of a grinding melancholy, left nothing for the heart to desire. A plan of elopement had been fixed upon, at which the servants were to connive. At this announcement one of them put on an expression of deadly treachery, perceptible to everybody in the hall—except her two companions. The others presently going out, she came to the front, and, in an awful soliloquy, declared her love for Harold, and her intention to betray the lovers to their doom. As she stood shaking her dainty fist, the drop fell amid considerable applause, even Mr. Arden kindly patting his gloves together.

The next scene revealed the uncle,—with a dropsical figure, strongly suggestive of pillow—sitting at his breakfast, growling; while the maids, still in full force, skirmished in and out. After breaking the inevitable plate, and sending the dishes away, he proceeds to work himself into a passion about his niece, and reveals in a loud soliloquy the reasons for his intended disposal of her. Just as the audience are getting tired of the realism of the old gentleman,

Leonora glides in with a love of a morning-dress, and says coldly, "You sent for me."

As she spoke the first words, there was a rustle of surprise among those who knew the players. Who was there in the club with such a rich contralto voice? That girl with the Greek face, and waving, golden hair, with long eyebrows and heavenly blue eyes—who was there capable of being transformed by any stage art into such a creature as that? They gazed with increasing surprise: and those who knew nothing of the change were no less held by her acting. It is strange how one good actor can cast a veil of reality over the barest plot, and even light up the other performers with a glimmer of his own excellence. Leonora had not been on five minutes before the audience began to feel for her deeply, and to detest the old gentleman as if he were their own guardian. When she had a scene with her uncle's choice, everybody rejoiced in his defeat and abject retreat; when her only lady-friend came in and consoled with her, there were not a few who wept at the story of her wrongs; and, the treacherous servant appearing at the rear with a horrible smile, it became almost insupportable.

Then Harold, having mysteriously gained access to the room, appeared; and when she fled to his arms, and laid her head on his shoulder with a splendid abandon, even Mr. Arden shouted, "Brava!" While they mature their plans, a lout comes in to build a fire, and slips out again. Then uncle and aunts and servants pour in; and an agonizing scene follows, in which Harold is threatened with terrible penalties if he persists in his attentions. He departs in scornful silence, while all stand back from the majestic melancholy of his face.

Then there was a tavern-scene introducing a stranger with a deeply mysterious face and manner, and also the rejected lover, who boasts of his revenge, and is promptly put under the pump by a farmer, who proves to be Harold.

Then came the garden scene, which was quite a triumph of scenic art. A villa stood at the rear; and there was a fountain playing in a lovely expanse of green carpet. The trees, all trimmed to a beautiful symmetry, were silent as in the hush of the night-wind; and the fair, round moon appeared in the background, though it did not seem to have much to do with lighting the place.

After a sonorous serenade, Harold appeared before the house, which, though it had seemed quite majestic by itself, suddenly dwindled by the comparison. Then a diminutive window opened; and Leonora, putting out her head (like a very pretty jack-in-the-box), said despairingly, "No, it can never be!" Harold persuading her that it could be, she presently appeared at the back entrance. Then, as they clasp each other at the thought of freedom, a party, led by the treacherous servant, come on the middle, and search in the dark for the fugitives; the uncle falling down, and making himself generally ridiculous. Somebody brings a lantern, and discovers the pair, who have been flitting about in search of some way of escape. A tableau is formed. The uncle is inexorable; and a secret dagger has already been drawn, when the mysterious stranger appears, and announces himself as the long-lost father of Leonora, shipwrecked on a desert island. He stops the proceedings, and discovering that Harold's father had once lent him five dollars in a time of need, declares that Leonora shall be his, and bestows her on him with much feeling, when they re-embrace clingly. Then the rejected suitor suddenly finds, that, after all, he prefers his old love, the intimate friend, who happens to be present; and they embrace. Then the uncle declares that he is a weak old man, who tried to do for the best, and is instantly forgiven. The faithless servant-girl, coming forward with tears of repentance, is rewarded, to the agreeable surprise of the audience, with the hand of the old gentleman. The other two maids took the hands of their respective louts; the aunts and cousins grouped behind; the father raised his hands in blessing; and the curtain fell amid wild applause.—*Old and New.*

MR. O'CLARENCE AND THE FIREMEN.

The firemen had a parade on Saturday, says the wit of the Danbury News. It was a fine affair, but the absence of Mr. O'Clarence was deeply felt, not only by the department, but by the public. His long and faithful services at the business meetings and festivals, and his splendid bearing on parade have given Mr. O'Clarence an enviable position in the hearts of his countrymen. We are sorry he was not present Saturday. But an unlucky for and very painful accident deprived him and us of a great pleasure. The night which preceded the last anniversary of our national independence, he took home twenty-five dollars' worth of fireworks for a splurge on the next night. He calculated he had glory enough in that package to fill with gratitude and admiration every taxpayer on North street, and his wife, after carefully examining the lot, was equally confident that the neighbors would see something that would "make their eyes bung out," as she pensively expressed it. The next morning, O'Clarence got out the bundle to look over it again, and fed on the anticipation. There were these cannon crackers—several packs—and roman candles and blue-fire and pin-wheels and rockets and the like—a very creditable assortment for any family. Mr. Wickford's boy from the next house was in, and sat on the floor, holding a piece of lighted punk in his hand, and had both

his eyes and mouth wide open, enjoying the sight. O'Clarence was sitting on his haunches, holding a pin-wheel in his hand, and explaining to Mrs. O'Clarence how cheaply they could be made in China, and how superior in ingenuity and industry were the Chinese to all other races. None of them knew how it happened, but O'Clarence remembers that there were two open packs of cannon crackers just under him, and thinks Wickford's boy must have, in some way, dropped the punk in among them, and in the general interest forgot that it was afire. At any rate, there was a sudden hiss, right under Mr. O'Clarence, followed in the next instant by a tornado of sounds and sparks, and that gentleman at once shot toward the ceiling in a blaze of various colored lights, while the air became thick with sparks, bluelights, blazing balls, industrious pin-wheels, insane skyrockets, and screeching crackers. Mrs. O'Clarence fell over a chair that cost eight dollars when new, and struck the back of her head against the stove-hearth with a violence that added materially to the display of fireworks already going on. Wickford's boy was struck in the mouth with a skyrocket, and had two-thirds of his hair taken off by a roman candle, and was knocked through a doorway by a piece of ordnance just introduced this season, and which will undoubtedly become popular when understood better. He was afterwards fished out of a rose-bush, and taken home in a tablecloth. O'Clarence remained during the entire exhibition, looking at it from various positions, and when it was over he was put in a sheet by the neighbors, and saturated with oil, and then covered with molasses and flour. We learn that new skin is already forming on parts of him, and if no unfavorable symptoms set in, he will be out in a fortnight, although it is not likely he will mingle much in society until his hair and eyebrows commence to grow. He thinks Wickford's boy is dead, and they dare not tell him to the contrary until he get stronger. Singularly enough, Mrs. O'Clarence escaped injury by burns, but the blow on her head was so severe that she cannot bear to have her back hair drawn up as high as it was before, and missing her church privileges is a sore trial to her.

A GHOST STORY.

A few years ago a lady in quest of summer lodgings for herself, her sister and her children (her husband being absent), was offered a large, old-fashioned house in the vicinity of one of our seashore resorts on highly advantageous terms. Having inspected the house and found it, though old, in good repair, she engaged it joyfully, and a few weeks after the date of her first negotiations she was settled there with her family. For some time nothing occurred to mar the peace of the household. The children enjoyed the fresh sea-breezes, their pleasant sports on the beach, and the large, airy rooms, while the ladies sewed, and read, and looked after household matters, and took long walks after the fashion of most people during the summer season by the seaside. One night, when the mother was about to retire to rest, one of her younger children, a bright little boy, called to her from his sleeping-room. Fearing that he was ill, she hastened to him.

"Mamma," he said very earnestly, "I wish you would tell that strange woman to keep out of my room."

"What woman, dear?" asked his mother, convinced that he had been dreaming.

"I don't know her name, and I can't see her face because she wears a big sun-bonnet, but she comes and stands at the foot of my bed, and she frightens me."

"Well, never mind, Dear. Go to sleep, and if ever she troubles you again, come into my room, and sleep with me," answered the mother, still thinking that the child had been awakened by an uneasy dream. The little fellow, thus soothed and consoled, soon fell asleep, and slept soundly till morning. But a few nights afterwards the child came running into his mother's room at dead of night, panting and terrified, and exclaiming, "Mamma! mamma! she has come again!" His mother took him into her arms, and soon caressed away his fears, but thinking that the child's uneasiness was caused by his sleeping alone, she had his bed moved into her own chamber, and fitted up the vacant apartment as a guest-chamber. Soon after this the servants began to complain of strange sights and sounds for which they could not account, and one burning July day the sister, who was seated by the parlor window, happened to say, "Oh, I am so warm!" when a voice, seemingly from the cellar, made answer, "And I am so cold!" Struck with amazement, she called, but no one replied, and subsequent investigation proved that there was no one in the cellar at that moment, nor could there have been, as its only door was always kept locked.

I cannot now recall the details of various strange occurrences which afterwards took place, but will pass on to the final one, which may be considered as the dénouement of the whole story. The lady of the house, a strong-minded, practical woman, had always sternly rejected the theory that the odd incidents that annoyed her had any supernatural origin; so, disregarding them wholly, she sent an invitation to an old friend of hers, a clergyman, to pay her a visit of some weeks' duration. Her invitation was accepted, and in due time her guest arrived, and was put in possession of the spare bed-room. Night coming on, the whole household retired to rest. Early in the morn-

ing the active hostess rose to see that all was in order for the further entertainment of her guest, when, on going into the parlor to unfasten the shutters, what was her amazement to find him there extended on the sofa, and looking very ill, as though he had passed a wretched night! In answer to her anxious questioning he stated that, on retiring to rest, he had fallen into a profound slumber, from which he suddenly woke, and saw a woman wearing a large sun-bonnet, which completely concealed her face, standing beside his bed, the moonlight which shone into the room rendering every detail of her figure distinctly visible. Supposing that she was one of the servants who had come to his room to see that he was perfectly comfortable and wanted nothing, he spoke to her. What she replied, or how he first became convinced that the Thing before him was no form of flesh and blood, I cannot now remember: but I recollect two particulars of the interview; one was, that she told him to look for her in the cellar; the other, that he asked her why she wore a sun-bonnet, and she answered, "Because the lime has spoilt my face." At this his falling senses forsook him, and when consciousness returned his ghostly visitor had disappeared.—*Lippincott's Magazine.*

LOVE AND HAIGHT.

To the eye of maternal affections, beaming through majestic spectacles in benignant scrutiny of society's drove of eligible young men for the selection of a beloved daughter's appropriate husband, there are few things more revolting than that conclusive evidence of masculine dissipation which is offered by an unworthy candidate's irreverence for the black alpaca mother of the mistress he would win. When, by reason of his high-church views, or limited income, or apparent distaste for the protracted company of age in the parlor every evening, or any other glaring immorality, an impertinent young man is kindly but firmly rejected by a strict Presbyterian lady as a suitor for her daughter's hand, and yet persists in calling upon the younger lady, as though nothing had happened, one of human nature's most exquisite prerogatives of authority is wantonly outraged, and the dissipated offender may count confidently upon the penalty sure, sooner or later, to overtake and punish crime. In Kansas City, recently, a dissolute young merchant who smokes, knows the names of several racehorses, and has even been seen wearing a velvet coat, crowned a reckless career of waiting upon a Miss Haight, whose judicious mother "never could a-bear him," by openly asking her to give him her company as far as a parsonage, where a clergyman of lax Calvinism would make her a miscreant's bride. The maiden, too young and giddy to perceive in her lover the signs of life-long dissipation so obvious to the eye of maternal affection, gave a mad consent to the wicked proposition, and went forth to the light wagon prepared for the occasion, with no graver sense of the sin she was committing than a passing regret that her mamma should call Augustus an "incendiary, an atheist, and a murderer." Augustus himself received these assumed names with an irreverent smile of incredulity; but, just as he was stepping into the buggy after Miss Haight, something struck him quite forcibly. It was a short hickory stick in the hands of the matron, and as it explored his phrenological bumps with curious rapidity, and wandered thence, by way of the bridge of his nose, to his shoulder, he was amazed at the number of stars visible in broad daylight, and skipped under the wagon in flight from the excessive lustre of the astronomical pageant. The stick still rising and falling with undiminished spirit, clashed resonantly upon the wheels; and the horse, not desiring to interfere in a domestic misunderstanding, promptly ran away with the bride. The shade in which he had sought refreshment being thus suddenly removed from above his head, the dazed object of maternal Haight had scarcely realized what had happened when a cold cylinder meandering about his right ear compelled him to believe that his prospective mother-in-law was industriously applying a revolver to his case. Being a coward by nature he grasped both stick and pistol with the utmost rudeness, and in the ensuing single combat broke the spectacles of that being who, next to his own mother and maiden-aunt in the country, should have been to him the most reverent object on earth. Scarcely had the sacrilege been accomplished when the bride came driving back with the now subdued horse, and while the disarmed but still mighty parent went back into the house for a poker and umbrella to resume the carnage, the aching assassin sprang into the wagon and whirled disrespectfully away to the parsonage. Let the virtuous mind leap contemptuously over the ensuing solemnization, and dwell grievously upon a depraved young husband prematurely rejoicing in the thought that his wife's female parent was alienated forever, and would never, never speak to them again. At a rumor that she was even about to prosecute him for assault and battery, he chuckled continuously for several hours, it being his unholy desire to say that of her in a public court, which should make her thenceforth resolute to shun eternally the very street in which he lived. But not thus does sin elude its appointed terrible retribution; not thus does the crying wickedness of filial irreverence escape its inevitable, awful punishment. The over-confident offspring of Belial was standing in his store one day last week (relates the local Journal) with his back to the counter, when an

umbrella handle hooked him by the coat collar, and he turned about to be greeted cordially by the black alpaca parent of his bride. She had come to pardon him, to agree to overlook his dissipated habits, upon condition of his sincere promise of amendment, and to buy a spool of cotton. "No one is quite perfect, Augustus," she said, with motherly indulgence, "and if you was in liquor at the time you broke my spectacles, you've only to say you are sorry, and buy me a new pair, and I'll not be the one to put any obstacle in the way of your reform. I forgive you everything, my son; just charge this spool of cotton to me; and I wish you'd take this umbrella home with you, so that I needn't have the lug of it." Her son-in-law smiled a horrible smile, turned very pale, and gasped: "But how will you get it then, ma?" She patted him on the arm as she replied, "Get it? Why, when you bring it, to be sure. I'm going to live with you, you know!" What more need be said? Here was the finger of Providence; here was the sin coming right home to that sinful young man in the first week of his honeymoon; here was endless punishment, with compound interest, for all the offences a man could commit in a lifetime.

GUNNAR: A NORSE ROMANCE.

BY H. H. BOYSEN.

PART II.

V.—EARLY EXPERIENCES.

Gunnar did not like spelling half as well as his grandmother's stories, and Gunhild had to use all her powers of persuasion, before she could convince him of the necessity of learning the alphabet. He soon, however, learned to know the letters and to draw them on the floor, with beads, tails, and other fanciful additions. He had an original way of attributing certain good or bad traits of character to each letter of the alphabet, and of showing a decided favor for some in preference to others. He could well understand why "Hulder" should commence with "H," * he said, for the *H* was always, like the Hulder, trying to curl up its tail to keep it out of sight. But in spite of all difficulties, and in spite of all the ill-treatment of the Catechism, which had to serve both as spelling-book and for religious instruction, Gunhild did not give up; and after two years of persevering toil, she at last had the satisfaction of knowing that her pupil had read the book five times through, and could say the Lord's Prayer and Apostles' Creed both forwards and backwards.

Thor did not think it well for the boy to stay at home any longer with his grandmother; he knew already too much about Hulders, trolls, and fairies, and he could hardly open his mouth about anything else. He was old enough now to be of some use, and as soon as he could find any one who wanted him he would send him away. Gunhild protested, but it was in vain: his mother might have known that; for Thor never changed his mind.

One night he came home and told her that he had made arrangements with the widow of Rimul, who wanted Gunnar to watch her cattle in the mountains through the summer; the boy would have to be ready to start for the saeter at daybreak the next morning. Gunnar's heart beat loud for joy when he heard this; he had nearly laughed right out, and would have done so, if he had not been afraid of offending his grandmother.

Next morning all rose with the sun. They ate their breakfast in silence. When the heart is full, it is hard to speak. When they were about to start, the grandmother gave Gunnar a small bundle, with a hymn-book, a coat, and a shirt for change.

"The coat you must only wear on Sundays," said she, the tears nearly choking her voice. "When you hear the church-bells chime from the valley, then you must read a hymn and the gospel for the day in the back part of the book; then nothing evil can befall thee. On week-days you must always go in your shirt-sleeves, except when it is very cold." The last advice Gunnar hardly heard, he was so anxious to be off.

Father and son walked rapidly down towards the boat-house. It was early in June. The sun shone brightly, and the morning fog was slowly rising from the fields and from the river. Gunnar could not help turning his head often to look from a distance at the old cottage which he had now quitted for the first time in his life; and as long as the turf-covered roof was in sight, he could see his grandmother standing at the door, wiping the tears from her eyes with her apron. Gunnar for a moment was quite touched; he felt the tears starting, and it suddenly occurred to him that he surely loved his grandmother very much.

When they reached Atle Henjum's boat-house, Thor untied a boat, and they crossed the river. Rimul lay on the hillside, smiling in the morning sun. The fjord looked as if it wanted to speak, but was too happy to find expression; therefore it remained silent, but gazed at the wanderers with those strange speaking though

speechless eyes, which no one ever forgets who has ever penetrated to the heart of Norway.

There was a great noise and bustle at Rimul. Everybody, from the mistress to the house-cat, seemed to be too busy to take any notice of Thor and Gunnar, as they passed through the gate into the yard. The boys were loading the backs of the horses with buckets, kettles, blankets, and all kinds of household utensils; while the girls were marking the ears of the sheep and goats, and tying bells round the necks of the most distinguished members of the flock. On a sloping bridge, leading from the yard into the upper floor of the barn, stood a tall, fair woman, with a large white cloth tied in a peculiar fashion around her head. It was bound tightly round the forehead, but widened behind into the shape of a semicircle. The fair woman seemed so absorbed in the orders she was giving in a loud voice to the different parties working in the yard, that she did not observe Thor, before he was right at her side.

"Thanks for the last meeting," said Thor taking off his cap and extending his hand.

"Thanks to yourself, Thor," said Ingeborg of Rimul; for it was she to whom Thor had addressed his words.

"It will be a warm day," observed Thor.

"Therefore we want to get the cattle off at once; if we tarry, they will scatter before noon, and we shall not know where to look for them. Glad you came so early, Thor. Is this your boy?"

"This is my boy. Go and shake hands Gunnar."

The boy obeyed, though rather reluctantly.

"Gunnar; a good old name. How old are you, Gunnar?"

"Don't know," said Gunnar.

"Eleven years last Christmas," replied his father.

"That little girl you see down there among the sheep," continued Ingeborg still addressing the boy, "is Gudrun Henjum, my brother's daughter. Go and speak to her. I have something to say to your father."

There was something severe in the woman's way of talking, and he felt rather inclined to rebel. How could he go and speak to a little girl, — he who had hardly ever seen a little girl before? What should he speak to her about? Thus pondering, he had nearly reached the foot of the bridge, when a sudden powerful thrust from behind sent him headlong down into the yard. He was so surprised that he hardly knew whether to laugh or to cry. As he was trying to get on his feet again, he discovered a large ram standing a few yards from him, evidently preparing for another attack. A merry ringing laugh caught his ear, and as he looked up he saw two little girls coming to his rescue. That was more than he could bear. In a moment, springing to his feet, he seized the ram by the horns, and shook him with all his might.

"Why, you naughty boy!" cried one of the girls, "you must not treat Hans so badly. Don't you understand, he only wants to play with you."

Gunnar felt rebuked. He released the ram, and for a while stood gazing at the little girl, and the girl stood gazing at him, each of them expecting the other to speak first. The little girl had a scarlet bodice and golden hair.

"Are you the Hulder?" said he at last, in order to say something.

"Mother, mother," cried she, running up to where Thor and Ingeborg were standing, "what do you think he is saying? He wants to know if I am the Hulder."

"Be quiet, child," said Ingeborg, sternly, "I have no time to speak to you."

Abashed at the rebuke, the little girl turned slowly, twisted the corner of her apron between her fingers with an expression of embarrassment, and after some hesitation again returned to Gunnar.

"Have you got a name?" asked she.

"Yes," answered he.

"My name is Ragnhild, and this is Gudrun, my cousin."

Here she pointed to another little girl, who seemed to be of about the same age as herself; in other respects there was but little resemblance. Gudrun was not so fair, and had a certain look of shyness about her.

"My name is Gunnar; and grandmother knows a great many stories about Necken and the Hulder, and the boy who killed the troll and married the beautiful princess."

The girls were astounded at such wisdom.

"Who is Necken?" asked Ragnhild.

"Why, don't you know about Necken? he who plays every midsummer-night in the water under the great waterfall yonder?"

"Plays in the water? Who told you?" And a shade of doubt passed over Ragnhild's expressive features.

"Well, if you don't believe it, you may ask grandmother; she knows."

"Who is grandmother?"

"Why, my grandmother of course."

Here the conversation was interrupted by the coming of Thor and Ingeborg.

The long, clear tones of the loor streamed through the valley and resounded between the mountains. It was the signal that the caravan was starting. Suddenly all was life and motion throughout the wide yard. The call of the loor seemed to impart joy and animation to everything it reached. The cattle bellowed, the calves and the goats danced, the milk-maids sang, and the forest far and near echoed with joyous song and clamor. From her elevated station on the bridge of the barn, Ingeborg still continued issuing her final orders with regard to the order of the march, until the back gate of the yard was opened and the lads led the loaded pack-horses

up along a steep and stony road, which climbed over the wood-clothed mountain-side and gradually lost itself in the thicket; after the horses followed Thor and Gunnar with the goats and last came the girls, driving before them the herd of larger cattle. All the girls and most of the men had long loors in their hands; and high above the noise of the lowing cattle and the merry chat and laughter of the girls flowed the loor-tones from mountain to mountain, like an eagle soaring over all the littleness of the world below. The cattle knew the loor, and followed it instinctively: it is the surest messenger of spring, and as such is as welcome as the lark and swallow.

The loor is the song of the dark Norwegian pine forest; it is the voice of Norway's cloud-hooded mountain; it has a traditional history as old and as romantic as that of the troubadour's guitar in the Middle Ages; and surely no Spanish donna or Italian signora ever listened more expectantly to the music of a nightly serenade than the simple saeter-maid when the echo of the loor tells her that her lover is on his way from the valley. This has always been his greeting; and she takes her own loor, puts it to her mouth, and the mountains far and near resound with her welcome.

Soon the last calf has left the yard. Ingeborg of Rimul is still standing on the same spot, viewing with apparent pleasure, and not without a certain pride, the long caravan, as it slowly winds along the steep saeter-road. And, in truth, it is a beautiful sight: the men in their light, close-fitting knee-breeches, scarlet vests, and little, red, pointed caps; the girls with their long blond hair flowing down over their shoulders, their white linen sleeves, and bright bodices; the varied colors of the cattle all standing in fine relief against the dark hue of the forest, which on both sides enclosed the road. When the caravan was out of sight, Ingeborg rose, with a contented smile.

"I should like to see the man," said she to herself; "who has finer flocks on this side the mountains."

Thor and his son walked in silence up the steep mountain path, driving the goats before them. Gunnar was looking eagerly for the Hulder, whose scarlet bodice he expected to discover at every bend of the path. All his looking was vain; but although greatly disappointed, he felt by no means inclined to give up. At noon they had walked about eight miles without resting. Then the view, which had hitherto been shut in on all sides by the thick-growing pine-trunks, suddenly opened upon a wide, glittering lake, whose water was so clear that they could hardly decide where it touched the air; for the bottom was visible as far as the eye could reach. Gunnar gave a cry of delight at the sight of the lake: he had never seen a lake before. Here men and cattle halted to take their noon rest. He in the mean time climbed up on a rock projecting far into the water, and sat there watching the fishes chasing each other round, and playing hide-and-seek between the stones and rushes down on the bottom.

In about an hour the loor again sounded, and the party again broke up. The farther they went, the steeper became the road; and gradually as they ascended, the forest grew thinner, and the whole landscape assumed a wilder and sterner character. Instead of the slender, stately pine, the crippled dwarf birch was seen creeping along the stony ground; everything was so barren, so lifeless; and the barrenness of the monotonous scenery seemed to impress both men and cattle. The song and the laughter ceased, and the bells of the cows were the only sound to break the silence.

It was already late in the afternoon. The landscape still wore the same unseemly garb of dust-brown heather, interwoven with the twisted and knotted stems of the dwarf birch, running lengthwise and crosswise in every possible direction, and with their coarse, mazy network binding the incoherent elements of the landscape together. Suddenly came a loud shout from the foremost man.

"The highland, the highland!" ran from mouth to mouth; and, joining in the joyful cry, girls and men, hurrying the cattle onward, bounded from stone to stone as fast as their feet could carry them. At the border of the wide highland plain they all halted: one powerful tone from thirty united loors rolled over the crowns of the mountain; it was their greeting to the highland. Numerous flocks of screaming birds flew up from the plain in answer to the greeting.

Gunnar was among the last comers. To him, who had no idea of what a highland meant, and who never had been used to see more than a few rods around him, the change was so sudden and so unexpected that for a moment he had a sensation as if he was losing his breath, or as if the earth had fallen from under his feet, and he had been left floating in the air. The next sensation was one of blindness; for the immense distance dazzled his unwonted eye almost as if he had been gazing at the sun. Speechless he stared before him. Gradually the objects which had at first appeared near together separated, and the vast table-land spread before him in all its unlimited grandeur. He drew a long, full breath: surely he had never known the delight of breathing before. A throng of childish plans crowded into his mind; half-hidden dreams, half-born hopes revived, and came forth into light: they had not had room while they were crowded together down in the dark, narrow valley.

(To be continued.)

LOOKING FOR LOVE.

As a fisherman looks over the bay
For a ship that comes from sea,
I look for my love from day to day,
But my love comes not to me.

Who is the maid that the finger of fate
Has given, and where lives she?
How long shall I linger, and hope, and wait,
Before she will come to me?

Or, have I no love, and shall I be blown
Like a lost boat out to sea?
No! Pleasure and peace shall be my own,
And my love shall come to me.

And when and where shall I know my doom?
In-doors, or where flowers grow?
Will the pear-trees all be white with bloom?
Or will they be white with snow?

Have I ever heard of your name in talk?
Or seen you a child at play?
Are you twenty yet, and where do you walk?
Is it near or far away?

Come my love while my heart is in the south,
While youth is about my ways;
I will run to meet you and kiss your mouth,
And bless you for all my days!

DESMORO;

OR,

THE RED HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWENTY STRAWS," "VOICES

FROM THE LOMBER-ROOM," "THE HUMMING

BIRD," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A whole fortnight had elapsed since Pidgers meeting with Neddy; and yet the former still continued to keep watch over the Colonel's house, narrowly noting all who passed in and out of it, impatiently waiting for an opportunity of springing upon his unsuspecting victim.

One day, seeing some travelling trunks removed from the Colonel's dwelling, Pidgers sought the inspector of the water-police, and, having found him in a patient humor, succeeded in obtaining his attention for a time.

"There be a large reward offered by Government for that big rascal, Red Hand, sir?" said the man, in an abrupt, greedy manner.

"Yes," replied the inspector briefly, at the same time curiously examining his questioner.

"Weel, what'll yo gee me, if so be as I puts yo on the right scent after him, eh?"

The inspector eyed the man from head to foot, his looks full of surprise and doubt.

"Come, what'll yo gee me fur what I've gotten to tell?"

"I cannot quite know what your intelligence may be worth to me," was the cunning and cautious rejoinder.

He grinned slyly. He was too wary to give the inspector any gratuitous information respecting the bushranger; Pidgers wished to profit largely by the knowledge and betrayal of Red Hand.

Pidgers was standing before the inspector, twisting his hat round and round in his hands, his bleared eyes glancing more crookedly than ever.

"Come, I've no time to waste after this sort of fashion," continued the inspector. "You'll either say your say, or be off at once. Now, choose!"

Pidgers moved from one foot to the other, and crushed his hat in his restless, wicked fingers.

"I'll speak to yo plainly, sir," said he.

"Do so."

"I can pint out how an' wheer yo'll be able to lay hold on that notorious villain, Red Hand."

"Capital! Go on."

"Not for nothin'," rejoined Pidgers, shaking his head, and showing his ugly teeth.

"There's a sovereign for you," said the man in office, flinging down a piece of gold as he spoke. "Now?"

Pidgers looked at the coin with supreme contempt, then turned on his heel, and made towards the door of the inspector's office.

"Stop!" shouted the agent of the law.

Pidgers instantly paused.

"You're a free man, I presume?"

"I'm a emigrant, sur."

"And you're in possession of the whereabouts of the bushranger, Red Hand?"

"Exactly, sur."

"Good. And you can direct me where I cau find him, eh?"

Pidgers nodded assentingly.

"I surmise that he is attempting to escape from the colony, since you come to me about him?"

"That's it, sur; I knows a precious deal more consarnin' him than yo thinks on. But yo needn't fancy to find him without my help, fur nobody but me, as knows him so weel, would be able to pint him out to yo, he's so bedizened out in broadcloth. I doesn't pertain to know whaen ship he be a goin' to sail in, an' if so be as yo'll gee me half of the reward yo'll git, I'll tell yo everythin'."

The inspector meditated for some few seconds,

* H in the German, not in the English, alphabet. The German alphabet is mostly used in Norway.

afterwards he drew his visitor into an inner office, the door of which he secured.

Here the inspector succeeded in learning all that Pidgers had to tell. The man in office had some trouble in the matter, but he cared not for the pains he took, so long as he had a chance of gaining some reward for them. Of course he promised Pidgers very liberal terms, which that individual was well contented with; and he left the inspector's office with a sovereign in his pocket, full of instructions and vengeful anticipations.

Neddy's understanding, which had never been particularly bright, was now dimmer than ever. He had escaped the fangs of death; but a great deal of his strength had left him, and his memory was likewise considerably impaired. He had lost all recollection of his late meeting with Pidgers, hence it was that Desmoro received no warning of his impending danger.

The ship Mary Ann was lying in the stream, waiting for a favorable wind to fill her sails; the passengers' luggage was on board, and the Count, Marguerite, Desmoro and the Colonel were to embark secretly that very night, when it was expected they might be able to put out to sea, without further delay of any kind.

Pidgers was on the look-out, as also were several of the water-police. The trap was set to catch the hapless Desmoro, and all was prepared for his defeat and punishment. Pidgers was in high glee, for he had learned from one of the Colonel's servants that the gentlemen would proceed on board the Mary Ann that very night.

Pidgers rubbed his knotted hands, and chuckled with delight as the night approached, and the darkness became thicker and thicker. His eyes were fixed on the portal of Colonel Symure's dwelling, expecting each moment to see it unclose, and the Colonel and Desmoro issue forth.

Nor had he long to tarry for that event, for as a neighboring church clock struck the hour of ten, the house-door opened, and two cloaked figures came out.

At this, Pidgers put a whistle to his lips, and blew softly. That whistle was answered by another shriller and brisker than the first.

Desmoro, whose ears had caught the significant and alarming sounds, here started, and stood still for a moment or two.

"What is the matter?" asked the Colonel, as Desmoro laid his hand on his father's shoulder.

"Listen! Did you not hear a whistle?"

"I did, sure enough, mister!" answered Neddy, suddenly appearing from the house.

"Probably, it is a signal from the Count, who is waiting for us in his boat-house," suggested the Colonel.

"But there was an answering whistle," returned Desmoro, doubtingly. "I am afraid that some treachery is at work against us."

"Treachery!" repeated the Colonel. "Nonsense, Desmoro! We have been too cautious to create suspicion of any sort."

The son made no reply, but stealthily drawing a pistol forth, walked on with the Colonel, Neddy following them.

The night was not too dark to hide the surrounding objects; for there was a goodly sprinkle of stars in the sky, and there was but little wind. All was peaceful around; the fugitives could hear nothing but the rippling of the outgoing tide.

They were on the beach, proceeding in the direction of the Count's boathouse, where Marguerite and her father, already seated in their vessel, wholly unattended, were anxiously awaiting the arrival of their friends.

Marguerite was straining her ears to catch the merest sound. She was trembling and full of apprehension for the success of their enterprise. The Count and his daughter were running considerable risk in thus aiding the escape of the bushranger. But they heeded not the danger they were incurring; they thought only of the services they could render Desmoro, and of how they could best accomplish his flight.

Desmoro, the Colonel, and Neddy now entered the boathouse, and took their places in the skiff. Few words were exchanged amongst the friends: they were all too full of anxious fears to indulge in any useless conversation.

The boat was pushed off, the sail unfurled to the gentle breeze, and the craft went gliding on her way over the smooth bosom of the deep.

The Count was at the rudder, and Desmoro had the sheet in his hand, and was watching the vessel's course through the rippling waters.

They did not perceive that they were being pursued by the water-police—that two dark-hulled boats, filled with stalwart men, and propelled along by muffled oars, were on their track, gaining fast upon them.

The inspector and the scoundrel Pidgers were seated together in the stern of the foremost vessel. In order that he might triumph over the misery and despair of Desmoro, Pidgers had resolved to be present at the capture of the bushranger.

But Desmoro was not yet in the grasp of his pursuers.

Suddenly, Marguerite spoke. "I see two moving objects on the water behind us," said she, in low, hurried tones. "I fear they are boats."

At once, every eye was strained in the direction she indicated.

"I am certain I see boats!" continued Marguerite, in great terror of mind. "Yes, yes; I am right—I see two boats! Great heaven! how fast they are gaining upon us!"

"They are, indeed!" answered the Colonel, in a quaking voice. "But I do not see that that fact should inspire us with positive fear. The skiffs may belong to some of the ships in the harbor, and their occupants may not have any unfriendly intentions against us."

"True," rejoined the Count, his mind full of misgivings all the while. "Nevertheless, I should counsel our running under the shelter of yonder cliff for an hour or so."

"At once—at once!" cried Marguerite. "I feel assured that we have been betrayed by some one into the hands of our enemies! Oh, how slowly we are moving! They will surely overtake us!" she added, in great excitement and alarm. "Merciful heaven, send us a breeze!"

As if in answer to her prayer, the wind freshened at this instant, and the boat soon glided under the shadow of an overhanging cliff, and was entirely lost to view.

"Safe, safe!" exclaimed Marguerite, in thankful accents.

"Hush!" warned Desmoro.

Then ensued a breathless silence amongst the occupants of the boat, through which silence were heard the soft plashing of the water-police-men's muffled oars.

The inspector was standing up in the stern of the foremost vessel, looking around him.

"Confound it, they are out of sight!" he exclaimed, seeking in vain for the boat they were pursuing. "Disappeared, as if by magical means!" he added, with a muttered curse.

"This Red Hand must surely have dealings with his Infernal Majesty, since he can thus play at bow-peep with and evade us all. Where—where can the scoundrel have got to? I lost sight of the craft all in a moment."

The men now rested on their oars. Their prize in perspective was no longer to be seen, and their hearts sank.

"The fellow can't hev got away entirely—can he?" quaked Pidgers, thinking of his own disappointment—of the money and the vengeance he was likely to lose.

"Got away entirely!" repeated the inspector, who had engaged himself in this enterprise—although it was contrary to his positive line of duty—merely for the *éclat* of capturing the notorious Red Hand. "Got away, indeed! Not he, unless he has dealings with below, or is Old Scratch himself! I shouldn't be astonished if I discovered that we've been hunting after a sort of will-o'-the-wisp all this time!" he added, addressing no one in particular. "I've nothing but this fellow's word to depend on; he has led me into this wild-goose chase! I begin to doubt every word he's told me, and wish I'd not troubled myself to listen to him!"

"Yo needn't say that, sur!" returned Pidgers, in injured accents. "Yo knows, as weel as anny one can know, that I've only spoken the truth to yo! Darn the fellow, over an' over agin, say I! One's no sooner on his track, than one's off it agin! I've hunted him afore to-day, an' I knows weel his tricks, I does!"

"Then if you do, explain to me the present one!" said the inspector, impatiently.

Pidgers was silent, and the men laughed and jeered at him.

For upwards of a quarter of an hour, they kept a steady look-out; but they could see nothing of the vessel containing Desmoro and his companions.

Presently, the inspector and the officer of the first boat conferred together; then another quarter of an hour went by; afterwards, the two officials again held counsel with one another.

"What ships are advertised to sail in the morning?" the inspector asked, of the officer. "Have you ascertained?"

"I should be forgetful of my duty, sir, were I not fully informed on that matter," the other rejoined. "The Agnes, for Cork; the Amycus, for Chili; the brig Oscar, for the Mauritius; and the Mary Ann, for London, are the vessels advertised to sail on the morning of the twenty-first of the present month."

"Um!" mused the inspector.

After which there ensued a lengthy silence.

Suddenly he spoke again. "Board the Mary Ann," he said; "if the rascal tries to escape by any ship, it will be the Mary Ann."

The inspector's guess was a shrewd one: the trembling occupants of yonder skiff, secreted under the shadow of those high cliffs, would have shuddered to hear it.

The boats belonging to the water-police were once more making way; their bows were now pointed in the direction of the Stream, where the Mary Ann was lying at anchor.

In expectation of the arrival of his passengers, Captain Williams was pacing the deck to and fro, feeling very nervous, and anxious to see them safe on board. The wind, which was favorable, was rising, and everything was in readiness for sailing; he only awaited the coming of a certain boat: and then, he would up with the anchor, unfurl the sails, and be out to sea ere daylight showed his flight. He needed no pilot, he himself could steer the ship safely through the Heads of Port Jackson. He knew that he was about to commit an unlawful act: but the gold he had received at the Colonel's hands, together with the pleasure of assisting the hapless convict, made him utterly regardless of the breaches he was making in the law.

After this voyage, he had resolved to sell the Mary Ann, and abandon the sea altogether.

While he was thus pacing the deck, wondering what was so detaining his passengers beyond the hour appointed for their coming, the boats belonging to the water police had come alongside of the ship, and half a dozen men, headed by the inspector and one of the officers of the force, clambered up her side, and presented themselves before the eyes of the astonished and startled Captain, to whom they quickly made known the object of their visit there.

"You have had information that the man you're seeking is on board my craft?" queried the Captain, in assumed amazement, and speaking at the top of his voice, in order to give warn-

ing to those he was expecting, should they approach the ship at this particular time. "Red Hand!" repeated he, "I give you my sacred word of honor, that up to this moment I never heard of any person bearing such a title."

This was the strict truth, for the name of Red Hand had never once transpired in the presence of the Captain, who knew the Colonel's son only as Mr. Desmoro Symure.

"You are at liberty to search the whole vessel, from her keel to her topmast," proceeded the Captain. "Here Jones (calling one of the watch)! pipe all hands on deck, will you? We will afford you every aid in your investigation," he added, turning to the police officer. "Can I offer you a glass of wine or brandy in the meantime?" he continued, leading the way to the cabin as he spoke, the two officers following him.

The Captain was in a state of profuse perspiration all this while, and his knees were knocking against each other in a most remarkable manner. He was almost as white as a corpse, and his parched lips had great difficulty in framing words to express himself. He was dreading the arrival of his passengers at this moment, and wishing his present visitors at the bottom of the sea. What was he to do—how could he possibly prevent the approach of the Count and his party?

While the officers were drinking their brandy-and-water, there came a shout of "Ship ahoy!" It was the voice of Colonel Symure that had just spoken.

The Captain dropped the glass he was about to put to his lips, and stood transfixed with affright and terror.

The officers exchanged glances with one another, and then, without saying a word to the Captain, rushed out of the cabin upon the deck, which they reached just as "Ship ahoy!" was being repeated.

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, Captain Williams staggered to the deck, on which were assembled the whole ship's crew, and about twenty armed water-police-men.

He did not utter a single word, but gazed around, his working features partly concealed by the shades of night.

"Who are these?" asked the officer of the police as voices from a boat alongside rose on the air.

The Captain hesitated. He could plainly distinguish the accents of the Count, and he knew that his expected passengers had arrived.

The officer repeated his question.

But pretending not to hear him, the Captain darted away and looked over the side of the vessel, in his terror feeling almost inclined to jump overboard.

The inspector now hastily approached the man Pidgers, who was standing in the gangway, a silent but attentive watcher of everything that was going on around him.

"You'll know this Red Hand at a single glance?" asked the inspector, in a low voice.

"I see know him at half a glance," was the concise reply.

"Good!" muttered the officer, moving away.

Captain Williams' brain was whirling round and round when he saw the Count d'Auvergne, his daughter and Colonel Symure standing before him. He looked about him in a confused, almost idiotic manner, expecting to see some one else: but there was only the trio mentioned above, and a harmless-looking servant-man.

"Aha, Captain! here we all are!" exclaimed the little Count, in his usual fussy way. "How's the wind—fair, eh? I'm glad to hear it. I hope we shall have a fair wind all the voyage. What say you, Captain?"

The stars from the clear firmament were shedding their pale light on the scene. The three faces before the eyes of the Captain were calm enough. What did it all mean? What had they done with their companion—Desmoro Symure?

The Captain passed his hand over his troubled brow, and muttered an unintelligible welcome.

He was puzzled and relieved—oh, how much relieved none can guess—and he was longing to have matters explained to him, to learn what had become of one of his expected passengers.

The officers of the water-police were disappointed and utterly confounded. Their anticipated prize had slipped through their fingers, leaving no clue whereby to trace him.

Pidgers was absolutely wild, and he clenched his hands and ground his teeth, like some savage tiger when baffled of his prey.

The Captain and his passengers were in the cabin together, and the police were searching every nook and corner of the vessel, doing so more for form's sake than with any expectation of finding the man they wanted.

The Captain was dreading to make any inquiry lest his voice should be heard by those he did not wish to hear it. He could only look at the Count and the Colonel, and exchange glances with them. He saw that they were concealing anxious hearts under their smiling exteriors—that the Count's apparently light spirits were all assumed for the occasion. He could understand that much, but no more.

There were decanters and glasses in the swinging tray over the cuddy table. The Captain assisted Marguerite d'Auvergne to a glass of wine, and the gentlemen helped themselves to whatever refreshment they stood in need of. But caution prevailed amongst them; for not a word spoke they that the whole world might not have listened to.

The Captain was ignorant of the French language, else he might have conversed freely on whatsoever topic they pleased.

"You've drawn us into a nice line here," said the inspector, addressing Pidgers, who was steal-

thily looking through the cuddy window, narrowly watching the party behind it.

"That's his feyther, sur, I'll swear to it! That theer soger-officer is Red Hand's feyther, as sure as eggs is eggs!"

"You're a lunatic!" rejoined the inspector, coolly turning on his heel, Pidgers following.

"I declare it's a fact, sur. I knows weel enough whaten I be talkin' about. Theer's been some soort o' cheatin' gooin' on, fur wee my own two eyes I seed that theer soger officer and Red Hand ridin' together in the Government Domain; an' afterwards, on this very night, I seed them together agin. I aren't no lunatic, in anny ways. I've got my wits as much about me as other folks has theers, as time will show in th' end."

"You can talk, if talking would set the matter as it should be," the inspector crossly observed.

"We've been baulked, we hev' this onset; but it aren't at an end yet; I've live to see him hanged or my name beant Pidgers."

"Live to see him hanged, indeed!" repeated the officer, with a sneer. "You'll have to catch him first, my smart fellow."

"An' I will ketch him, too!"

"How will you set about it, eh?" jeered the inspector. "He's not aboard the ship, and you see an empty boat alongside."

"Yes, I knows all that, sur. But can't yo see through it? The perlice is generally a sharp, clever lot, that's able to find out everythin'. I knows that findin' out rogues aren't exactly yore office; that yore above that soort o' thing; an' that yo only troubled yorsel' to come out on this particular occasion 'cause yo wished to hev' the credit an' glory o' ketchin' of Red Hand. It air vexin' when yo comes to think on it, to be disappointed an' tricked after this howdacious fashion. I've sure, I've as sorry an' as mad as I can be about it, an'—"

"There, there, that will do!" roughly interrupted the officer. "As I said before, you've led us a wild-goose chase, for which we shall get well laughed at in Sydney." And as he finished speaking, he crossed the deck, and left Pidgers standing alone, leaning against the foremast.

The rascal was meditating deeply. He had been disappointed and foiled, but he did not despair of being still able to reach his wicked revenge.

After the lapse of another half-hour, the police left the ship, and steered their boats in the direction of Sydney.

When they had proceeded a couple of miles on their way, the inspector asked after Pidgers. But that individual was not to be found in either of the boats; he had evidently been left behind on board of the Mary Ann. No one had missed the man until now, and great was the surprise manifested by all to find that he had suffered the boats to leave the ship without him.

The inspector shrugged his shoulders, and laughed; saying, "that he hoped the rascal would find a berth such as he deserved."

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Grey morning was dawning, when a boat, with a couple of stout oarsmen, and two gentlemen in it, put off from the Mary Ann, and directed its course towards Middle Harbor, a lone inlet, without any shipping in, or habitation near it.

The men pulled with all their might, and Captain Williams and Colonel Symure (the occupants of the little vessel) sat silent, watchful, and anxious, appearing as if they were counting every stroke of the oars—every second as it went by.

The Colonel wore a troubled look, and so likewise did the Captain. As for the men, they knew that they were engaged on some sort of a smuggling enterprise, but, of what commodity, they neither knew nor cared. They had been promised an extra tot of grog each for the job, and honest Jack cared not for anything beyond that.

Captain Williams was an excellent commander, and his men appeared to be very fond of him. His merest word was regarded by them as law, and their utmost devotion was his in return.

He never confided in his men—that is to say, he never permitted them to think that he did so—and yet they were ever being confided in in one way or other; for to let you into a little secret, Captain Williams had had contraband business to do on many occasions, and his men had been acquainted with all those unlawful doings.

My readers must not think any the worse of the Captain of the Mary Ann because he loved a bit of smuggling, for he was a most admirable man, notwithstanding that he sometimes cheated the Government of its lawful dues.

At length the little skiff entered Middle Harbor, and neared the shore. Here the Captain, putting a whistle to his lips, blew softly. This signal, which was echoed from rock to rock, was answered by another whistle, and presently Desmoro appeared on the beach, where he had been left some hours ago, and waved his handkerchief to those in the approaching boat.

"All safe, my boy!" cried Colonel Symure, as he sprang on shore, and seized his son's hand. "Come, not a moment is to be lost," he added, hurrying Desmoro into the vessel, which instantly left the shore, and was pulled back to the ship, which, her anchor being weighed, set sail at once, and, with a favorable gale filling her sails, soon cleared the Heads of Port Jackson.

It was with heartfelt joy that our friends watched the land of Australia fade away from their view. Desmoro and Marguerite sat toge-

ther on the deck, feeling secure, and inexpressibly happy. Nothing, they thought, could now start up to disturb their present and future happiness. The terrors of the past could never surely rise up again before them.

The wind freshened, and at sunset land was entirely out of sight.

There were no passengers on board, save our friends, and matters were as comfortable as Captain Williams could possibly make them.

One morning, the boatswain came to the Captain with a very long face—the men always brought their grievances to the commander himself—saying that there had arisen much misunderstanding and disturbance in the ship's fore-castle, and that the sailors were quarrelling with one another, using ugly words, and even hard blows.

Captain Williams inquired the cause of the men's disquiet.

"Well, Cap'n," returned the boatswain, gravely shaking his head, "the starboard watch are the injured party, and I don't say as they hasn't a right to speak about the matter."

"I don't understand you, boatswain. What has the starboard watch to complain of?"

"The onaccountable disappearance of their grub, Cap'n," was the brief and strange reply.

The Captain laughed outright, and the old sailor turned his quid in his mouth, and hitched up his trousers, his face full of mystery and trouble all the while.

"What do you mean, boatswain?" demanded the master, noticing the expression of the man's features. "Has somebody been eating more than his own allowance?"

The sailor raised his eyes, and once more shook his head.

"A whole bag o' biscuits and a lump o' pork has disappeared all at once, Cap'n; not to mention pints and pints o' fresh water. It's my farm belief that the ship's harnted by some infernal sperret what's got a awful appetite. I won't credit that the men is a robbin' o' one another; sich conduct as that wouldn't be in no ways nat'ral on board o' the Mary Ann; but, as you knows, Cap'n, angry men won't listen to reason, especially when grub is the question with 'em."

The Captain, who had listened attentively to the man's speech, again burst into laughter.

"Tain't no jokin' matter, this, Cap'n," observed the sailor; "the 'messes' is at sixes and sevens with one another, an' I raly dunno' wheer it'll end. Biscuits, pork, and water, as you must know, Cap'n, is considerations as isn't to be overlooked by no one."

"Have you a cat on board? Probably she—"

"Cat, cap'n?" interrupted the boatswain, giving his quid a fresh turn. "There aren't sich a critter o' board the Mary Ann. Besides, cats don't run away with whole bags o' biscuits and lumps o' pork. No; taint no four-legged thief!" he continued, very sagely. "I'm o' a pinion as how it's a sperret o' some soort or other. Never heerd o' a mermaid a wisitin' o' a sailor's fokesell, but sich a thin' might happen, I think."

Captain Williams bit his lips in order to control his laughter.

After taking a hasty turn or two round the deck, he rejoined the boatswain, who was standing uncovered near the mizenmast, his countenance full of mysterious importance and trouble.

Generally speaking, sailors are very superstitious, and the boatswain was no exception to the rule. To use his own words, "he was a old tar, as hed seen some queer things in his day; mermaids an' sea-serpents by shoals, not forgettin' the Flying Dutchman on occasions."

"Look here, boatswain," said the Captain. "I'd be sorry to think ill of any of my crew, but I warn you to keep a bright look-out amongst them; for this robbery, or filching—call it as you please—has been committed by one of yourselves."

"Sorry to differ from your 'pinion, Cap'n," answered the other, in doleful accents; "but, with your leave, I'll stick to the sperrets."

"Oh, with all my heart, boatswain!" was the careless rejoinder.

And with those words, the master turned on his heel, and strode away.

The boatswain then went forward, and reported to his shipmates the conversation which had just passed between himself and the Captain.

"The skipper is onbelievein'!" growled the sailor, in continuation, "an' refuses to credit annythin about sperrets—larfs at the idear. But, in course, I knows what I knows, and I feels sartain sure that the Mary Ann's harnted."

Some of the listeners expressed the same belief; others swore that no spirits ever stole a good sailor's grub.

There still continued to be a great deal of discontent amongst the men in the fore-castle, for from time to time their food mysteriously disappeared, and none could hazard a single guess as to whence it had disappeared.

One day, a gale suddenly springing up, all hands were called on deck to shorten sail. Afterwards, the steward shouted "Grog, O!" and with their pannikins in their hands, rushed aft for the daily allowance of rum, which some of them tossed off at once, whilst others carried theirs below to drink when mixed with water.

Scarcely had the men resumed their dinner, from which they had been disturbed, in order to shorten sail, when they were recalled to the deck, to take in more canvas, which, being done, the crew returned to the fore-castle, to finish their twice-interrupted meal.

"Where's my pannikin?" asked the boatswain, squatting himself on the deck, and looking behind a certain ledge, where he had bestowed the article containing his modicum of rum. "I said, where's my pannikin?" he added,

in a louder tone than before. "Tain't possible that it's gone arter the grub! Has any one meddled with or set eyes on my pannikin?"

A whole chorus of voices denied all knowledge of the missing can.

Here the boatswain started up in a terrible passion, protesting that somebody had stolen his pannikin of grog, which accusation caused an immediate tumult amongst all hands.

Of course there was a general search made after the missing article, and chests were ransacked, hammocks were turned inside out, and yet no pannikin could be found.

The boatswain was furious at the loss of his grog, and the fore-castle rung again with his exclamations.

"I'll go at once to the Cap'n," suddenly resolved the boatswain. And, so saying, he at once disappeared on his errand.

The Captain was on deck, for the weather being very squally on this particular day, required his utmost care.

The boatswain had put on a very grave face and solemn demeanor; his recent loss of a tot of rum had lengthened his visage considerably.

"What's the matter now, boatswain?" asked the master, seeing that the man's countenance was wearing a most lugubrious expression.

The sailor groaned feebly, and showed the whites of his eyes.

"Well?"

"Another cussed wisitation, Cap'n!"

"What do you mean?"

"A tot o' rum this time; nothin' less, as I'm a sinner, Cap'n."

"Explain."

"Explain! 'Tain't possible, Cap'n: sperrets arn't to be explained nohow, else sperrets would be easily wauquished," he solemnly added.

The master here glanced at the sky, and spoke to the man at the helm, directing him how to steer. "I really don't comprehend you, boatswain," he remarked, in answer to his last speech.

"I doesn't expect as how yer does, Cap'n," rejoined the old tar, in rueful accents.

"Then, wherefore do you deliver yourself in this extraordinary style? Speak out, my man!"

The boatswain swayed his head from side to side, saying that he had already spoken out. "I told yer, Cap'n, that we'd hed another wisitation, an' so we has—a wisitation not to be forgotten by me, as is a considerable sufferer by the aforementioned wisitation. As I said afore, it wasn't nothin' less than rum this time, Cap'n—my pannikin o' rum as hed been jist sarved out to me."

"You utterly perplex me, my man," answered his listener, somewhat impatiently, as he again glanced upwards at the sky.

Here the boatswain, in a most confused manner, narrated the few particulars with which the reader is already fully acquainted.

"There's some confounded thief in the fore-castle," responded the Captain; "that's the truth about it, boatswain. Go and hunt him up, and then tar and feather him."

"Tar and feather a sperret, Cap'n?" exclaimed the sailor, raising his hands in horror. "Hev marcy on us!" he continued, appealing to the inky clouds floating over his head.

Captain Williams made no reply, but turned aside; while the sailor, finding that his story had created neither sympathy nor curiosity in the breast of his commander, went back to his messmates, and growled afresh over the loss of his pannikin of grog.

The peace of the fore-castle was disturbed, and each man looked suspiciously at his fellow. If there were no thief amongst them, by what means had these various articles disappeared at different times? the men asked of themselves and of one another.

Superstitious as the men were, none of them believed that their food had been purloined by any but mortal fingers. "What should a sperret or a mermaid be wanting with pork, biscuits, or rum?" they very wisely inquired.

Of course, the boatswain had his own pet notion on the matter, and nothing that any one could say had the power to alter his own fixed idea. "The Mary Ann was harnted!" he said, and what he said he persistently adhered to.

The ship was now ploughing through cold, stormy latitudes, and the sailors had donned their warmest clothing. The depredations in the fore-castle were still continued; the men's food and water were constantly vanishing, and none could surmise when or how such vanished.

The boatswain growled as heretofore; but he refrained from troubling the Captain any more upon the subject, but suffered affairs to take their own uninterrupted course.

There was great laughter in the cabin about the fore-castle ghost, and the Captain amused himself by now and then making inquiries regarding it. But the boatswain, to whom these queries were directed, always shook his head mysteriously, and uttered an expressive groan.

"Any pork disappeared lately?" asked the master, one cold, stormy morning, addressing himself to the boatswain, whose watch on deck it was.

"Pork, Cap'n! Wuss than that, a precious deal."

"Eh! had another wisitation from the thief of a ghost?"

"Wisitation, Cap'n! Lor' love us! I dunno what'll be the end on it all!"

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Cap'n, I shall git larfed at if I mentions the cussed circumstance."

"Has something new occurred?"

"I should think so, Cap'n."

"Something remarkably novel, eh?" the master added, jestingly.

"Re—markably so, Cap'n!"

"Ha! every change is interesting on board o' ship; let me hear all concerning the latest novelty."

"Yer see Jem Jarvis there, at the wheel, Cap'n?"

"Having a pair of eyes, I do see him."

"In course you does, Cap'n. Well, yer sees as how he aren't got no pea-jacket on him, an' it a blowing of marlinespikes, and razors."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the master, glancing at the coatless sailor at the wheel. "How's this? wherefore has he no coat?"

"Ha, wherefore, indeed, Cap'n?"

"Has he no jacket?"

"None, whatsomever, Cap'n."

"The pawnbrokers, eh, too many tofs ashore?"

"Nothing of the kind, Cap'n. Jem had as nice a pea-jacket as yere and theer one; but it has vanished, gone arter my pannikin o' rum an' the other matters as has lately disappeared very strangely."

"What! has the spirit really taken to stealing wearing apparel? This is a serious matter, boatswain, and must be inquired into."

"That's what it should hev been long ago, growled the sailor."

"Well, well, better late than never," was the brief answer. "There must be an especial watch set!"

"To ketch the sperret, Cap'n?"

"To catch the thief, confound him."

The boatswain shook his head, and groaned loudly, while the master strode away, buried in profound thought.

On the following morning there was a watch set in the fore-castle, which watch was regularly relieved with that on deck. And four whole days went by, yet nothing had been discovered, no ghostly visitant had made itself apparent.

The men placed as sentinels now began to wax careless over their charge, and often slumbered all through the hours during which it was their duty to keep watch for the reputed ghost.

One day the cabin-boy, who had been left below on guard, suddenly appeared on deck, with a scared face, quite speechless with terror.

"What's the matter, Jacob?" inquired the boatswain, who was always on the look-out for intelligence of the spirit. "Hev yer seen it?"

The lad gasped, but no sound passed through his white, quivering lips.

"Look yere, Jacob; when so be as a sooperior puts a queer-eye to you, it be your bounden dooty to give him or her, whicsomever it be, a answer!"

At this the cabin-boy looked up quite helplessly, and two or three of the crew gathering around him, questions poured upon him thick as hail.

"Hev yer, or hev yer not, seen the sperret, Jacob?" reiterated the boatswain, for at least the twentieth time. "Yes or no?"

"Ye—s!" stammered the lad, his teeth chattering as he spoke.

"At last!" exclaimed the boatswain, in a triumphant tone. "What'll the Cap'n say now, I wonder? An' whatever war it like, Jacob?"

"It was a he!" rejoined the lad, with a shudder. "A chap with hair all over his face; a ugly, frightful fellow."

"A evil sperret," suggested the boatswain, resolved to cling to his former belief.

"It wasn't no sperret at all, 'bosen, it was real flesh and blood!" returned the lad, shivering from head to foot.

"Yer seed it?"

"With my own two eyes."

The sailors crowded about the cabin-boy, all anxious to hear his tale.

"While I was sittin' quite quiet, with my eyes shut, as if I was fast asleep, I hears a board creak, and then move," said the lad.

The men present expressed their surprise by looks, not words, and Jacob continued his recital.

"Hearin' this noise, I opens my peepers a bit, an' takes a look at what's a goin' forrard, when, as I said afore, I sees one of the ugliest chaps I ever clapped sight on, his face all covered with hair. Thinkin' it was the very devil himself, I jumped up at once, and ran away as fast as my legs would carry me. An' that's all I hev to tell you about the matter!" he concluded the lad.

The boatswain lifted his hands in silent horror, evidently at a loss what to say, while the other sailors questioned Jacob as to the probable height and complexion of the recent apparition.

"He hadn't no complexion at all!" answered the lad, with great indignation. "Don't I tell you that his face was all over hair!"

"Go an' tell the Cap'n, Jacob," said the boatswain, in a very solemn manner. "It be yer dooty to report to him what ye've seen this day. In course ye'll make him understand that ye've seen the devil himself!"

Jacob here looked somewhat perplexed.

"I dunno as how I could tell the Cap'n that, since I didn't see neither his hoofs nor his tail," said he.

"No matter for that!" answered the boatswain. "You must report what ye've seen to the skipper."

And thus instructed, the cabin-boy sought the presence of the master, and recounted to him the particulars already known to you.

Captain Williams listened to him in much astonishment and perplexity; afterwards he went himself into the fore-castle and examined it thoroughly; but he failed to discover any clue to the great mystery. None of the boards dividing the fore-castle from the hold of the vessel appeared as if they had been in any way disturbed.

"You must have been dreaming, my lad," the Captain said, as he completed his investigation.

The cabin-boy shook his head. "Oh, no, Cap'n!" he returned positively. "I seed the man as plainly as I sees you at this minute."

"All delusion, all delusion!" laughed the other.

"No, Cap'n; his face come out of that dark corner, as it appeared to me."

"Who's been at my chist?" spoke the boatswain, who had just come from the deck, urged by curiosity to ascertain how the Captain's search was progressing.

Captain Williams looked round, and saw the old sailor standing in gaping astonishment over his sea-chest.

"My only clean shirt's gone!" he cried out wildly. "Who's been at my chist, I ask again?"

"Be cool, be cool, my man!" returned the Captain, soothingly. "I really cannot comprehend matters. You may have overlooked the article you miss; search further for it."

"Taint of anny use searchin' further for it, Cap'n; the shirt, which was a red flannel one, spic-span new, arn't here, that's sartain enough."

"Was the chest unlocked?"

"Yes, Cap'n, it war, wuss luck for me!"

Captain Williams reflected for a few seconds. "Follow, and send all the men aft to me. I will look into this affair, and sift the mystery, if I can do so," he said, leaving the fore-castle, and repairing to the aft part of the vessel, where all hands soon assembled to answer the questions put to them concerning the boatswain's missing under-garment.

But, inquire as he would, the Captain could not succeed in obtaining any information regarding it—the case seemed full of impenetrable mystery.

Well, days passed away, and there was no more heard of the fore-castle ghost, until the steward, happening to miss some of his most dainty stores, came to report his losses to the Captain.

"You say that you have missed several bottles of champagne, steward?" exclaimed the master. "Yes, Captain, and several other matters, such as biscuits, jam, marmalade, figs, and raisins!"

The Captain looked like one thunderstruck. There was some thief in the ship, he felt assured, but who that thief was he was wholly at a loss to surmise.

One night, when the stormy wind was whistling through the rigging of the Mary Ann, and the sea was rolling mountains high, and pouring itself over the bulwarks of the laboring ship, Neddy, unable to sleep, stole upon deck, and wedging himself between a spar and an empty water-cask, watched the dark waters and the pale moon peeping in and out of the inky clouds above.

It was bitterly cold, and the decks were swimming with water; but Neddy's brow was throbbing with pain, and the frosty air seemed to allay its feverish, burning heat.

Presently, Neddy became aware that he had a neighbor—some one who, like himself, was crouching out of the wind and the spray.

Neddy did not speak, neither did his companion, whom he imagined to be one of the sailors on watch at the time.

Now, although Neddy seldom addressed any of the crew, he was well acquainted with all their faces. It was too dark at this moment to recognise the features of the man by his side, so he wisely remained silent.

Of course, Neddy was quite conversant with the subject of the ship's ghost, but he had no fear regarding it.

By-and-by, the moon peeped forth, and a flood of silver light illumined the whole scene. The man started on seeing Neddy's countenance, now plainly visible in the bright light.

Soon all was darkness again.

Neddy now felt his arm touched, and turned round to the toucher, who, as you may guess, was no other than the man by his side.

"Yo lives in the cabin, doant yo?" said a voice, whose accents jarred on the listener's ear.

"What's the use of asking what yer knows well enough?" returned Neddy. "The Mary Ann aren't as big as a town. On board a ship, everybody's business is known, as if it was printed in a noosepaper."

The listener laughed in a jeering manner. "Tack a message from me to your maister—to Red Hand!" whispered he into Neddy's ear.

"Tell him that his old acquaintance be near at hand—that Pidgers won't lose sight on him!"

"Pidgers!" repeated Neddy, through his parched lips. "Yo'll not forget the name?"

Neddy shivered, and his teeth chattered with affright.

At this moment the moon emerged from behind a bank of black clouds.

Neddy looked around: the man had vanished entirely.

(To be continued.)

HAM DRESSED IN CLARET.—Take a large glass of claret, a teaspoonful of sugar, and one of chopped onion—place in a frying-pan; when the claret boils, place in the rashers of ham, not cut very thick; cook well, and serve with the sauce. This is a most appetising dish.

CUCUMBER VINEGAR (FOR FISH AND SALADS.)—Take fresh cucumbers as free from seeds as possible, wipe them, and cut them in thin slices into a jar; sprinkle fine salt and plenty of pepper between the layers, and cover them with boiling vinegar. Secure them from the air, and in a month or six weeks the vinegar may be poured off clear into clean bottles, and closely corked. A little Chill vinegar improves the flavor of this preparation, and some persons slice up a mild onion or two along with the cucumbers.

THE FAVORITE

MONTREAL, SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1873.

"THE FAVORITE"

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APPEARANCES.

Many essays have been written and much advice given again the almost universal desire to "keep up appearances," but few have examined human nature closely enough to discover the true philosophy of that feeling. There are but few persons in the world who can really and cheerfully give up all care for appearances; and those few, when found, will not probably prove in other things models for imitation. They are usually so possessed with some one idea, or so absorbed in one pursuit, that all other things seem worthless to them, and they have thus lost a wholesome balance of character. The miser and the man of overweening self-conceit are instances of this kind.

In truth, if we examine closely into the causes of our happiness we shall find that appearances play no inconsiderable part among them. To live utterly regardless of the impressions made upon others, would be to sink far below the present stage of civilization and to banish many prevailing moral influences that exert a vast power for good. The wise man, therefore, in guarding himself and others against the abuses that come from indiscriminate and excessive love of display, will be careful not to totally condemn it—a condemnation that condignly fails on account of its manifest injustice. There is usually a habitual identification of pleasant appearances with the realities they personate, and this increases faith in their importance. There is sometimes morality as well as expediency in a regard for appearances; but where so many err is in having too much regard for them and in neglecting the proper balance between that and higher motives.

Where ambition or pretence aims at making rather than keeping up appearances it will often fail by bestowing all its efforts where they are ineffectual. It requires judgment to fix on the right style to keep up, and the person and classes whose respect it is worth while to aim at securing. Those whose opinion is best worth having will not be easily deceived and false pretenders will fail. All display is an enemy to the vigilance which the true observer of appearances should practise. There are occasions where struggles and expedients are wisely kept out of sight. Few wish to be considered objects of compassion; and courage, hope and success often depend on the resolution to maintain a suitable appearance, while if that be abandoned in despair all will flag. It is where the love of display leads us into actual wrongdoing that it has become tyranny and demands immediate check.

By its fruits we may best discover when any one motive has too great hold upon us. Where appearances are made to stand in the place of realities, hypocrisy is the result. The deep mourning crape may stand in the place of the grief it indicates, and the profession of virtue may be so loud as to drown the more quiet

reality. The young are naturally more jealous of appearances than the old. The world is before them, while it is slipping and receding from their elders; and the failure to make due allowance for this natural difference is often the cause of much misunderstanding on both sides. Yet none are justified in showing defiance to conventional restraints, or loosening social ties and obligations. He who affects contempt for appearances as such and persists in disregarding them, only indulges his own humor at the expense of others' feelings, and usually violates some principle of morality or order. What we chiefly have to do is to make our realities and appearances agree.

THE MAGAZINES.

The current number of *Lippincott's Magazine* contains the second portion of "The New Hyperion," a record of a journey from Paris to Marly by way of the Rhine. The illustrations to this serial are from the pencil of Gustave Doré, and are profusely scattered through the text, giving pictorial form to many of the most notable incidents and striking passages. The same number presents, among a variety of interesting contributions, the seventh and eighth chapters of Miss Howitt's description of life and scenery in the Tyrol, an article on deer-parks by Reginald Wynford, an account of a visit to the interior of Japan, a paper on the fruits and flowers of the tropics, by Mrs. Fannie R. Feudge, and the continuation of Mr. Black's serial novel, "A Princess of Thule." Several interesting stories and charming poems complete a very attractive number.

Wood's Household Magazine contains a variety of bright cheerful reading for the home circle. Among the many articles of the present number are: Advice to Young Men, by Hon. Joel Parker; A Glimpse at the Siamese, by Karl Kase; The Other Girl of the Period, by Mary Hartwell; Darkness, by H. V. Osborne; Old Pincham, No. II, by Chas. Dickinson, &c., &c.

Old and New for August continues the series of discussions of living social questions which have so long been an acceptable feature in this magazine. This time the paper is upon the condition of skilled labor in this country, and on the reason why our own native boys do not like to learn trades. There are two quite noticeable short stories. One in a graceful, mirthful vein, called "A Hopeless Attachment," by Theodore M. Osborne, and another, a genuine love story, called "On Duty," by Lucretia P. Hale. For coolness, there is an entertaining paper called "Low Tides," which explains how to slop about in salt water puddles at the sea shore, and catch all sorts of cold, soft, squirming things to put in a bowl. "An August Sunrise," by T. G. A., is on a pretty old subject, no doubt, but handled with remarkable freshness, force and poetical feeling. Still another very agreeable bit of landscape painting is "Country Sights and Sounds," in which, in particular, is a nice account of milk-housekeeping. Many readers will enjoy the biographical sketch of the well-known English artist and writer, Phillip Gilbert Hamerton, by Rev. Mr. Powers of Chicago. In the Introduction to the Examiner, the editor argues against the late law preventing the free exchange and free home circulation of newspapers, drawing a distinction between the interest of the country and the city press on the subject. The two serials continue—Mr. Burdand's containing scenes at the English public school of Holyshade, and Mr. Perkins describing a spiritualist séance and soundry experiences at the house of a certain wonderful philosopher who has a new patent universe to dispose of. The book notices are fresh, the Record of Progress explains the latest views on ventilation, and the progress of Indian Affairs, and there is some entertaining Fine Art discussion. Altogether, it is a very readable number.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.—Lovers of Bret Harte's characteristic sketches will do well to give their attention to this monthly. In the number for August his new story, "An Episode of Fiddletown," is commenced. The strong bits of characterization, and quick, masterly touches of pathos, which we find in these opening pages, show that the hand of the poet-romancer has not forgot its cunning. Dr. Holland's "Arthur Bonnicastle," is continued, the accompanying picture, by Miss Hallock, illustrating the scene of the destruction of the will. There is in the same number a bright sketch entitled "Fred Trover's Little Iron-Clad," by J. T. Trowbridge. The illustrated papers are on "Nantucket," "Normandy Picturesque," "Mount Chasta," and "The Canopus Stone." John Burroughs, a good authority on birds, writes about "The Blue-Bird;" Fitz-Edward Hall contributes an interesting article on "Pandits;" H. H. tells about "My Day in the Wilderness;" Mrs. Plunkett gossips of "Modern Hotels," and J. Esten Cooke about "My Knee-Buckles." Mr. Blauevelt's leading essay on "Modern Skepticism," will doubtless attract the attention of the religious press. Among the poetic contributors are E. C. Stedman, John Hay, and Geo. MacDonald. Dr. Holland's Topics of the Times are entitled, "The Morals of Journalism," "A Reply to many Letters," and "The Liquor Interest." In The Old Cabinet we find "The flaw in the Jewel," "I met a Traveller on the Road," and "A Sower went Forth to Sow." Home and Society

treats of "Dinner-Giving," "The Abuse of Appetite," "The Habit of Reading," "Ready-Made Garments," and "The Fashion in Jewelry." The other departments are as varied as usual.

TRAVELLING IN JAPAN.

Of all the modes of travelling in Japan, the jin-riki-sha is the most pleasant. The kago is excruciating. It is a flat basket, swung on a pole and carried on the shoulders of two men. If your neck does not break, your feet go hopelessly to sleep. Headaches seem to lodge somewhere in the bamboos, to afflict every victim entrapped in it. To ride in a kago is as pleasant as riding in a washtub or a coffin slung on a pole. In some mountain-passes, stout native porters carry you pickapack. Crossing the shallow rivers, you may sit upon a platform borne on men's shoulders as they wade. Saddle-horses are not to be publicly hired, but pack-horses are pleasant means of locomotion. These animals and their leaders deserve a whole chapter of description for themselves. Fancy a brass-bound peaked pack-saddle rising a foot above the animal's back, with the crupper-strap slanting down to clasp the tail. The oft-banded slur, that in Japan everything goes by contraries, has a varnish of truth on it when we notice that the most gorgeous piece of Japanese saddlery is the crupper, which, even on a pack-horse, is painted crimson and gilded gloriously. The man who leads the horse is an animal that, by long contact and companionship with the quadruped, has grown to resemble him in disposition and ejaculation—at least, the equine and the human seem to harmonize well together. This man is called, in Japanese, "horse-side." He is dressed in straw sandals and the universally worn kimono, or blue cotton wrapper-like dress, which is totally unfitted for work of any kind, and which makes the slovens of Japan—a rather numerous class—always look as if they had just got out of bed. At his waist is the usual girdle, from which hangs the inevitable bamboo-and-brass pipe, the bowl of which holds but a pellet of the mild fine-cut tobacco of the country. The pipe-case is connected with a tobacco-pouch, in which are also flint, steel, and tinder. All these are suspended by a cord, fastened to a wooden or ivory button, which is tucked up through the belt. On his head, covering his shaven mid-scalp and right-angled top-knot, is a blue cotton rag—not handkerchief, since such an article in Japan is always made of paper. This head-gear is usually fastened over the head by twisting the ends under the nose. With a rope six feet long he leads his horse, which trusts so implicitly to its master's guidance that we suspect the prevalence of blindness among Japanese pack-horses arises from sheer lack of the exercise of their eyesight. These unkempt brutes are strangers to currycombs and brushes, though a semi-monthly scrubbing in hot water keeps them tolerably clean. Their shoes are a curiosity; the hoofs are not shod with iron, but with straw sandals, tied on thrice or oftener daily. Grass is scarce in Japan, and oats are unknown. The nags live on beans, barley, and the stalks, leaves, and tops of succulent plants, with only an occasional wisp of hay or grass.—*Scribner's.*

NEWS CONDENSED.

THE DOMINION.—A fourth cable has been successfully laid between Sydney, C. B., and Placentia, Nfld.—The Governor-General arrived last week at Halifax. A ball was given in his honor, and a grand review of the regular and local troops.—Two hundred families from Wisconsin are about to settle in Manitoba.—The Gosford R.R. is to be put into running order immediately.

UNITED STATES.—Cholera is reported from Cincinnati, Columbus, O., Indianapolis, Princeton and Indian Creek, Ind., Carmi and Mt. Carmel, Ill., Lagrange, Ky., and Wheeling, Va.

UNITED KINGDOM.—A London despatch says Mr. Whalley, member of Parliament and a friend of the Tichborne claimant, will soon visit the United States to solicit subscriptions for the claimant.—The Orangemen of Armagh made a demonstration on the 23rd ult. in honor of the visit of a number of delegates from Canadian Lodges. Fully 5,000 persons participated.

In reply to a question put by a member of the House of Commons as to the probability of the Carlists being recognised as belligerents, Viscount Enfield, Under-Secretary for the Foreign Department, replied that the Carlists were undoubtedly gaining ground, but matters were not in a state to entitle them to belligerent rights.

On Tuesday evening last week a debate took place in the House of Commons on the Queen's message touching the marriage of the Duke of Edinburgh. Mr. Gladstone was present and made a speech urging the grant of the allowance asked. In the absence of the Hon. Mr. Disraeli, the Right Hon. Mr. Ward Hunt seconded the motion. Mr. P. A. Taylor, member for Leicester said he could not vote for the motion.—The Government proposes upon the marriage of the Duc of Edinburgh with the Grand Duchess Maria of Russia, to increase his yearly allowance to \$125,000.—The Republicans of Bristol have issued a manifesto, protesting against any increase in the allowance to the Duke of Edinburgh, on the occasion of his marriage.

FRANCE.—The Duc d'Aumale will preside over the court-martial which is to try Bazaine, Prince Frederick Charles of Germany has tendered the Marshal evidence in his favor on his

trial, but the latter declines to permit the evidence to be introduced.—The Assembly adjourned on Thursday week.—The Government has received information which it regards as trustworthy, that instructions have been issued from the head of the Internationals in London to subordinates in France to organize for a series of labor strikes throughout the Republic, to be carried into effect during the coming recess of the Assembly. Increased vigilance on the part of the local authorities is ordered, and the contact of soldiery with foreigners is prohibited.—The *Journal de Paris* says the project of placing a Prince of the house of Hohenzollern upon the throne of Spain has not been abandoned. A number of discontented Carlist leaders and liberal unionists are said to favor the Hohenzollern candidacy. The *Journal* also says the Curé of Santa Cruz was proclaimed a rebel by Don Carlos for being concerned in this intrigue.—The Permanent Committee of the Assembly, to sit at Versailles during the recess of that body, is composed of ten members of the Right and Centre, seven members of the Left, and one Bonapartist.—The Extreme Left has resolved to form a Vigilance Committee, which is to sit after each meeting of the Permanent Committee of the Assembly and during the recess.—The treaties of commerce with Great Britain and Belgium, concluded by the Duke de Broglie, have been approved.—It is commonly reported that Marshal McMahon will retain the Presidency of the Republic but six months longer, when he will resign and return to the command of the army. It is considered certain that the Republican form of Government will be succeeded by a Monarchy, and it is deemed essential that Marshal McMahon, who possesses a great influence with the army, should be in command on the occasion of the change.

RUSSIA.—The decree issued by the Khan totally abolishing slavery throughout his dominions provides that all persons held in bondage shall be made citizens and returned to their native countries. The *World's* St. Petersburg despatch says Gen. Von Kaufman, commander of the late successful expedition against Khiva, will advance with 8,000 men upon the wild Turcoman tribes, who continually harassed the Russian forces during the late campaign and kept constantly hanging on their flanks and rear.—The Government has received a despatch from Gen. Kaufman announcing that the treaty between Russia and Khiva has been signed. The Khan promises to pay Russia 2,000,000 roubles and to abolish capital punishment in his dominion. Russia guarantees the independence of Khanata. The Czar's troops will occupy Khiva until the war indemnity is paid. A portion of the territory of Khanata is to be given to Bokhara for assistance rendered the Russian troops.

GERMANY.—The German Government disavows the responsibility for the seizure of the Spanish steamer "Vigilant," and calls upon Captain Werner, commanding the German man-of-war which effected the capture, to account for his proceedings.

AUSTRIA.—A despatch from Vienna states that in the suburbs of that city, there have been in one day as many as 200 cases of cholera and thirty deaths.

SPAIN.—Desertions to the Carlists are frequent among Republican officers.—The Cortes has declared itself in favor of the abolition of capital punishment.—It is stated that the minority in the Cortes intend to leave Madrid and go to Carthagena, where they purpose establishing a separate government. They are endeavoring to induce Senor Pi y Margall to accompany them.—There has been severe fighting at Malaga between the Republican troops and insurgents.—A bill has been introduced in the Cortes authorizing the prosecution of Deputies who voted against the measures adopted by that body.—A despatch has been received at the War Office announcing that the insurgents have commenced an attack upon Seville. The Government forces in the city are actively resisting the assault and are confident of driving off the insurrectionists.—A Carlist force, which has been laying siege to Berge for several days past, made an attack upon the town yesterday, but met with a repulse, and have raised the siege.—It is reported that a severe engagement has taken place near Pampeluna between the Republicans and Carlists, in which the latter were successful; two guns and 300 prisoners are said to have been captured by the Royalists.—The blockade of Bilbao has been raised.—Contreras is in command of the insurgent fleet at Almeria. He demands a contribution of 50,000 pesetas and the evacuation of the city by the civil guard, and threatens bombardment in the case of refusal. The city authorities have refused to comply and are preparing for defence. There is ground for hope that the foreign men-of-war will interfere and prevent the horrors of a bombardment.—A large British squadron is expected to arrive daily off the Spanish coast.—An engagement has taken place between a force of National troops, under Gen. Navaro, and the Carlist band entrenched at Maredas. The insurgents were driven from the town, and 700 Republican prisoners, who were confined therein, released.—The insurgent committee of public safety at Carthagena announce that a medal of honor and a pension will be given to all persons who take up arms in their cause.—The authorities of Loja, Province of Navarre, have expelled 110 members of the International Society from that town.—The official journal of the insurgents at Carthagena announces the appointment of the Provisional Directory for the Canton of Murcia.

SUNSHINE IN THE RAIN.

BY J. F. WALLER.

"Look out, look out, my little maid,
The rain is falling fast,
And all the sky with gathering shade
Of cloud is overcast."
"Oh! mother dear, big drops I hear
Beat on the window-pane,
But in the sky a light I spy
Of sunshine in the rain."

The clouds rolled by, out broke the rays,
Glenting athwart the shower,
Setting the rain-drops all a-blaze
Like pearls on leaf and flower.
"Oh! mother dear, the heaven is clear,
The sky is blue again,
The air is bright with jewelled light
Of sunshine in the rain."

The ripening years passed o'er the maid
Since that sweet summertime;
The girl is now a matron staid
With children by her side.
When round her life the clouds grow rife
Of sorrow and of pain,
She knows from Heaven that light is given
Like sunshine in the rain.

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PUBLICANS and SINNERS

A LIFE PICTURE.

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON,

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "To The Bitter End," "The Outcasts," &c., &c.

BOOK I.

CHAPTER I.

LOOKING BACKWARD.

Behold, O reader, the eastern end of the great city; a region strange, beyond all measure to the dwellers in the west; a low flat marshy district, where the land and the river seem to have become entangled with each other, in inextricable confusion, by reason of manifold creeks and creeklets, basins, and pools, which encroach upon the shore, and where the tall spars of mighty merchantmen and giant emigrant-ships rise cheek by jowl with factory chimneys; where the streets are dark, and narrow, and the sound of engines hoarsely laboring greets the ear at every turn; where the staple commodity seems to be ship-biscuit; where the ship-chandler has his stronghold, in which vast hoards of dried meats and tinned provisions, pickles, and groceries are piled from floor to ceiling and from cellar to garret; a world in which the explorer stumbles unawares upon rope-walks, or finds himself suddenly involved in a cloud of bonnetless factory girls, thick as locusts in Arabia, who jibe and flout at the stranger. Roads there are, broad and airy enough, which lead away from the narrow streets and the stone basins, the quays, the docks, the steamcranes, and tall ships—not to the country, there seems no such thing as country accessible from this peculiar world—but to distant marshes and broader water; roads fringed with dingy houses, and here and there a factory, and here and there a house of larger size and greater pretension than its neighbors, shut in by high walls perchance, and boasting an ancient garden; a garden where the tall elms were saplings in the days when kings went hunting on the Essex coast yonder; and when this east-end of London had its share of fashion and splendor.

Perhaps of all these broader thoroughfares, Shadrack-road was the shabbiest. It had struggled into existence later than the rest, and had none of those substantial old red-brick mansions whose occasional appearance redeemed the commonness of the other high roads. There was a sprinkling of humble shops, a seaman's lodging-house, a terrace or two of shabby-genteel houses, three-storied, with little iron balconies that had never been painted within the memory of man; poor sordid-looking little houses, which were always putting bills in their smoke-darkened windows, beseeching people to come and lodge in them. There were a few modern villas of the speculative-builders pattern, whose smart freshness put to shame their surroundings; and one of these a corner one, with about a perch of garden-ground, was distinguished by a red lamp, and a brass-plate on which appeared the following inscription:

MR. LUCIUS DAVOREN,
Surgeon.

Here Lucius Davoren had begun the battle of life; actual life, in all its cold reality; hard and common and monotonous, and on occasion hopeless; a life strangely different from the explorer's adventurous days, from the trapper's lonely commune with nature in the trackless pine-woods; a life wherein the varietal dreamer could find scant margin for poetry; a life whose dull realities weigh down the soul of man as though

an iron hand were laid upon his brain, grinding out every aspiration for better things than the day's food and the night's shelter.

He stands alone in the world; there is comfort at least in that. Let the struggle be sharp as it may, there is no cherished companion to share the pain. Let poverty's stern grip pinch him never so sharply, he feels the pinch alone. Father, mother, the child sister, whom he loved so dearly fifteen years ago, are all dead. Their graves lie far away in a Hampshire churchyard, the burial-place of that rural village of which his father was rector for thirty years of his unambitious life.

He has another sister, but she was counted lost some years ago, and to think of her is worse than to think of the dead. In all those years, from the time when he was a lad just emancipated from Winchester school to this present hour, he has never been heard to speak her name; but he keeps her in his memory nevertheless, and has the record of her hapless fate hidden away in the secret-drawer of his desk, with a picture of the face whose beauty was fatal.

She was his favorite sister, his senior by two years, fond and proud of him, his counsellor and

nothing to wear but my old black satin and the Indian scarf, and they'd never do for the Castle or Lady Veering Baker's. They're well enough in Wykhamston, where people are accustomed to them."

So the Rector's worthy wife, who had supreme control of the family purse, decked her handsome daughter in white tulle, and camellias from the little green-house, and was content to sit at home and wonder what the grand castle folks thought of her Janet, and whether her dear old man was having an agreeable rubber; content to sit up late into the night, while the rectory handmaidens snored in their attic chambers, till the creaky old covered wagonette brought home the revellers, when she would sit up yet another hour to hear the tidings of her darling's triumphs; what songs she had sung, what dances she had danced, and all the gracious things that had been said of her and to her.

About this time, the idea that Miss Davoren was destined to make a splendid marriage became a fixed belief in the minds of the Rector's family, from the head thereof to the very cook who cooked the dinner, always excepting the young lady herself, who seemed to take very lit-

thinking of them, but of the people you meet there; the young men who pay you such compliments, and crowd round you after your songs."

Janet laughed, almost bitterly, at this speech and at the mother's eager look, full of anticipated triumph.

"And who will go back to their own world and forget my existence, when they leave Hampshire," she said.

"But there must be some whose attentions are more marked than others," urged Mrs. Davoren; "county people, perhaps. There is that Mr. Cumbermere, for instance, who has an immense estate on the borders of Berkshire. I've heard your papa talk of it; quite a young man, and unmarried. Come, Janet, be candid with your poor old mother; isn't there one among them all who seems a little in earnest?"

"Not one among them, mother," the girl answered, looking downward with a faint, faint sigh, so faint as to escape even the mother's ear; "not one. They all say the same thing, or the same kind of thing, in just the same way. They think me rather good-looking, I believe, and they seem really to like my singing and playing. But they will go away and forget both, and my good looks as well. There is not one of them ever so little in love with me; and if I were in love with one of them I might almost as well be in love with all, for they are all alike."

This was discouraging, but the mother still cherished her dream; cherished it until the bitter hour of awakening—that fatal hour in which she learned from a letter in the girl's own hand that Janet had abandoned home, friends, reputation—the very hope of heaven, as it seemed to the heartbroken father and mother—to follow the fortunes of a villain, of whose identity they had not the faintest idea, whose opportunities for the compassing of this deadly work would seem to have been of the smallest.

The girl's letter—passionate, despairing, with a wild and deep despair which told how desperate had been the conflict between love and duty—gave no hint of her betrayer's name or place in the world.

The letter was somewhat vaguely worded. There are some things which no woman could write. Janet Davoren did not tell them that she went of her own free will to perdition. But so much despair could hardly accompany an innocent passion; sorrow so deep and hopeless implied guilt. To the Rector and his wife there seemed no room for doubt. They read and reread the long wild appeal for forgiveness or oblivion; that their only daughter, the pride and idol of both, might be pardoned or forgotten. They weighed every word, written with a swift impetuous hand, blotted by remorseful tears, but no ray of hope shone between the lines. They could arrive at but one miserable conclusion. The girl had accepted dishonor as the cost of a love she was too weak to renounce. The letter was long, wild, recklessly worded; but in all there was no clue to the traitor.

The Rector and his wife made no outcry. They were even heroic enough to suppress all outward token of their grief, lest their little world should discover the cruel truth. The father went about his daily work pale and shaken, but calm of aspect. The only noticeable fact in his life was that from this day forth he neglected his garden and his poultry-yard—that innocent delight in Dorking fowls and standard rose-trees perished for ever with his daughter's disappearance. The mother wept in secret, and suffered not so much as a single tear to be seen by her household.

The servants were told that Miss Davoren had gone upon a visit to some friends in London. Janet had left the house in the early morning, unseen by any one except the lad who attended to the garden, and him she had employed to convey a small portmanteau to the railway station. The manner of her departure therefore had been commonplace enough; but the servants were accustomed to hear a good deal of preliminary discussion before any movement of the family, and wondered not a little that there should have been nothing said about Miss Davoren's departure beforehand, and that she should have gone away so early, before any one was up, and without so much as a cup of tea, as the cook remarked plaintively.

The wretched father and mother read that farewell letter till every word it contained seemed written on their hearts, but it helped them in no manner towards the knowledge of their daughter's fate. They went over the names in their own little circle; the half-dozen or so of young men—more or less unattractive—who were on visiting terms at the Rectory; but there was no member of Wykhamston society they could for a moment consider guilty; and indeed, the answer to every suspicion was obvious in the fact that every member of that small community was in his place; the curate going his quiet rounds on a hog-maned pony; the unmarried doctor scouring the neighborhood from breakfast to tea-time in his travel-worn dog-cart; the lawyer's son true to the articles that bound him to his father's service; the small landowners and gentlemanly tenant-farmers of the immediate vicinity to be seen as of old at church and market-place. No, there was no one the Rector could suspect of act or part in his darling's flight.

A little later, and with extreme caution, he ventured to inquire among certain of his parishioners if any stranger had been seen about Wykhamston within the last month or so. He contrived to put this question to a well-to-do corn-chandler, the chief gossip of the little town, in a purely conversational manner.

"Yes," said Mr. Huskings the corn-chandler, assenting to a general remark upon the dulness



"THE SKY IS BLUE AGAIN."

ally in all things; like himself, passionately fond of music; like himself, a born musician. This charm, in conjunction with her beauty, had made her the glory and delight of a small provincial circle, which widened before her influence. Wykhamston society was the narrowest and stiffest of systems; but the fame of Janet Davoren's beauty and Janet Davoren's voice travelled beyond the bounds of Wykhamston society. In a word, Miss Davoren was taken notice of by the county. The meek old Rector, with his pleasant face, and bald head scantily garnished with iron-gray hair, was made to emerge from retirement, in order to gratify the county. He was bidden to a ball at the Marquis of Guildford's; to a private concert at Sir Horatio and Lady Veering Baker's; to dinners and evening parties twenty miles away from the modest Rectory. Miss Davoren was even invited to stay at Lady Baker's; and, going ostensibly for a few days, remained her ladyship's guest for nearly a month. They were all so fond of the dear girl, Lady Baker informed the Rector.

"I am not good enough, I suppose," said Mrs. Davoren, when the Marchioness and the Baronet's wife, after calling, and being intensely civil for fifteen minutes, ignored her in their cards of invitation. "Never mind, Matthew, if you and Janet enjoy yourselves, I'm satisfied; and it's lucky they haven't invited me, for I've

tle thought of anything but music; the organ which she played in the old church; the old fashioned square piano in the rectory drawing-room. It did not seem possible to the simple mind of Mrs. Davoren that all this admiration could result in nothing; that her daughter could be the cynosure of every eye at Guildford Castle, the acknowledged belle at Lady Veering Baker's ball, and yet remain plain Janet Davoren, or be reduced to the necessity of marrying a curate or a struggling country surgeon. Something must come of all this patronage, which had kindled the fire of jealousy in many a breast in Wykhamston. But when the fond mother ventured to suggest as much to the girl herself, she was put off with affectionate reproof.

"Dearest mother, can you be so innocent as not to see that all this notice means nothing more than the gratification of the moment? The Marchioness and Lady Baker had happened to hear that I sing tolerably, and as the common run of amateur music is not worth much, thought they might as well have me. It only cost the trouble of calling upon you, and pretending to be interested in your poultry and papa's garden. If this were London, and they could get professional singers, they would not have taken even as much trouble as that about me."

"Never mind what the Marchioness and Lady Baker mean," said the mother; "I am not

that had prevailed of late in Wykhamston, "the place has been quiet enough. It ain't much of a place for strangers at the best of times, unless it's one of them measuring chaps that come spying about, with a yard measure, after a new railway, that's to take everybody away from the town and never bring nobody to it, and raise the price of meat and vegibles. There was that horgan-playin' chap at the George the other day; what he come for nobody could find out, for he didn't measure nothing; only poked about the old church on workays, and played the horgan. But of course you'd know all about him from Miss Davoren, as must have seen him sometimes when she went to practice with the coheer."

The Rector's pale sad face blanched a little. This was the man.

"No," he said, somewhat falteringly, "my daughter never spoke of him, or if she did I didn't take any notice. She's away now for a little time, staying with friends in London. She may have told us about him; I don't remember."

"Strange old fellow, the Rector," Mr. Huskings remarked to his wife afterwards; "such a nervous way with him lately; breaking fast, I'm afraid."

"Miss Davoren could hardly have missed seein' of him," he answered, "He were always about the church, when he warn't fishin', but he were a great hand at fishin'. Rather a well-looking chap, with dark eyes and long dark hair; looked summat like a furiner, but spoke English plain enough in spite of his furrin looks."

"Young?" asked the Rector.

"Might be anything betwixt twenty-five and thirty-five."

"And a gentleman, I suppose?"

"His clothes was fust-class, and he paid his way honorable. Had the best rooms over yonder," with a jerk of his head in the direction of the George, "and tipped everybody 'andsome. He warn't here above a month or six weeks; but he hired a planner from Mr. Stammers, up street, and there he'd sit by the hour together, Mrs. Capon told me, strum, strum, strum. 'Music that made you feel sleepy and creepy-crawly like,' says Mrs. Capon; 'not a good hearty tune as you could understand, but meandering and meandering like till you felt as if you'd gone to sleep in a cathedral while the organ was playin',' says Mrs. Capon."

"Music! Yes, that was the spell that had lured his child to her ruin. Nothing less than that fatal magic, which had held her from her babyhood, could have been strong enough to beguile that pure young soul."

"Did you hear the man's name?" asked the Rector.

"I heard it, sure enough, sir; but I never were a good hand at remembering a name. Mrs. Capon ud tell you in a moment."

"No, no," exclaimed the Rector nervously; "I've no curiosity; it's of no importance. Good-afternoon, Huskings. You—you may send me a sack of barley;" this with a little pang, remembering what a joyless business his poultry-yard had become of late.

He went 'up street' to Mr. Stammers, who kept a little music-shop and let out pianos.

"You'd better look in at the rectory and tune the piano before my daughter comes home, Stammers," said the Rector, with a bitter pain at his heart, and then sat down in the chair by Mr. Stammers's door—set wide open on this warm afternoon—a little out of breath, though the High-street from the corn-merchant's door to the music-seller's was a dead level.

"Yes, sir, Miss Davoren away, sir? I thought I missed her at church last Sunday. What a wonderful gift she has, sir! The Marchioness was up town yesterday—they are at the Castle for a week, ong parsonage—and drew up here to give an order. I made bold to show her the little fantasia I took the liberty to dedicate to Miss Davoren. She smiled so sweet when she saw the name. 'You've reason to be proud of your Rector's daughter, Mr. Stammers,' she said; 'such a lovely young lady, and such a fine musician! I wish I had time to call at the Rectory.' And then she arst after your 'elth, sir, and your good lady's, and Miss Davoren's, quite affable, just before she drove away. She was drivin' her own ponies."

"She was very good," said Mr. Davoren absently. O, vain delight in earthly pomp, and pride! The notice of these magnates of the land had not saved his child from destruction; nay, perhaps had led the way to her ruin, in some unknown manner.

"Yes, you had better tune the piano, Stammers," he went on, with a feeble sigh. "She will like to find it in good tune when she comes back. By the way, you let a piano to the gentleman at the George the other day—Mr.—"

"Mr. Vandeleur," said Stammers briskly. "Let him the best piano I have—a brand-new Collard—at thirty shillings a month, bein', as it was, a short let. And wonderful it was to hear him play upon it, too! I've stood on the staircase at the George half an hour at a stretch, listenin' to him."

"A fine musician?" inquired the Rector, with another sigh. Fatal music, deadly art, which had charmed his darling to her ruin!

"Fine isn't the word, sir. There's a many fine musicians, as far as pianoforte playing goes," with a little conscious air of inward swelling, as of a man who numbered himself among these gifted ones. "I don't think there's anythink of Mozart's, or 'Andel's, or 'Ayd'n's, or Beethoven's—that's the king of 'em all, is Beethoven—you could put a name to that I wouldn't play at sight; but I don't rank myself with Mr. Van-

deleur, the gentleman at the George, for all that."

"What is the difference?"

Mr. Stammers tapped his forehead.

"There, sir; there's where the difference lies. I 'aven't 's 'ead. Not but what I had a taste for music when I was that 'igh," indicating the altitude of a foot and a half from the floor, "and was took notice of by the gentry of these parts in consequence, my father bein', as you are aware, sir, a humble carpenter. But I 'aven't the 'ead that man 'as. To hear him 'andle Beethoven, sir, the sonater pathetick, or the 'Moon-light,' wonderful! And not that alone. There was sonaters and fugues he played, sir—whether they was his own composition or wasn't, I can't say; but they were fugues and sonaters I never heard before, and I don't believe mortal man ever wrote 'em. They outraged all the laws of 'armony, sir. Why, there was consecutive fifths in 'em as thick as gooseberries, and yet they was as fine as anythink in Mozart. Such music! It turned one's blood cold to hear him. If you could fancy the old gentleman playing the piano—which, bein' a clergyman, of course you wouldn't give your mind to—you could fancy him playing like that."

"An eccentric style?" inquired the Rector.

"Eccentric! It was the topsy-turviest kind of thing I ever heard in my life. Yet if that man was to play in public, he'd take the town by storm; they'd run after him like mad."

"Do you think he is a professional performer?"

"Hardly; he hadn't the professional way with him. I've seen plenty of the profession, havin' managed for all the concerts that have been given in Wykhamston for the last twenty years. No; and a professional wouldn't dawdle away close upon six weeks in a small country town such as this. No; what I take him for is a wealthy amateur—a gentleman that had been living a little too fast up in London, and come down here to freshen himself up a bit with country air and quiet."

"How did he spend his time?"

"In the church, a good bit of it, playing the organ. He used to get the keys from old Bopolt, the clerk. I wonder you didn't hear of it, sir."

"No," said the Rector, "they told me nothing." This with a sigh so deep, so near akin to a groan, that it smote the heart of the lively Stammers.

"I'm afraid you're tired, sir, this 'ot day—tryin' weather—so changeable; the thermometer has gone up to eighty-one, Farren's heat. Can I get you a glass of water, sir, with a dash of something, if I might take the liberty?"

"Thank you, Stammers; no, it's nothing. I've been a little worried lately. Bopolt had no business to admit any one into the church habitually."

"I daresay Mr. Vandeleur made it worth his while, sir. He was quite the gentleman, I assure you. And it wasn't as if you was in the 'abit of keepin' the sacramental plate in the vestry."

"There are other things that a man can steal," said the Rector moodily; "more precious things than palen or chalice. But no matter. I don't suppose Bopolt meant any harm, only—only he might have told me. Good-afternoon, Mr. Stammers."

"Do you feel yourself strong enough for the walk 'ome, sir? You look rather pale—overcome by this 'eat."

"Yes, yes; quite strong. Good-afternoon;" and Stephen Davoren plodded his way down the shadeless High-street till he came to a little court leading to the church; Wykhamston Church being, for some reason or other, hidden away at the back of the High-street, as though it were an unsightly thing, and only approachable by courts and alleys.

Old John Bopolt, the parish clerk, quavering and decrepit after the manner of rural clerks, had his habitation in the court which made the isthmus of communication between the High-street and the churchyard. He rose hastily from his tea-table at sight of his Rector, and made a little old-world bow, while Mrs. Bopolt, and Mrs. Bopolt's married daughter, and the married daughter's Betsy Jane, an unkempt girl of fourteen or so, huddled together with a respectful and awestricken air before that dignitary.

"Bopolt," said the Rector, in a sterner tone than he was wont to use, "what right had you to allow the church to be made a lounging-place for idle strangers?"

"A lounging-place, sir! I never did any such-like thing. There was no lounging went on, to my knowledge; but I've been in the habit of showing the monuments occasionally, as you know, sir, to any respectable stranger, and the rose winder over the south door."

"Showing the monuments; yes, that's one thing. But to let a stranger have the key habitually—"

"Meanin' the gentleman at the George, sir," faltered the clerk, with an embarrassed air. "He was quite the gentleman; and Mr. Wilkins, the organist, sir, knew as he was in the 'abit of playin' the organ for a 'our or so, and left the keys for him regular, did Mr. Wilkins, and says to me, 'John, whenever Mr. Vandeleur at the George likes to play the organ he's free and welcome, and you can tell him so, with my respects.'"

"He bribed you, I suppose?" said Mr. Davoren.

"He may have given me a trifle at odd times as some compensation for my trouble in opening the door for him, sir. I don't wish to deceive you; and if I'd thought for a moment there was any harm I'd have cut my fingers off sooner than open the church door for him. But

I made certain as you knew, sir, more particularly as I'd seen Miss Davoren go into the church more than once when Mr. Vandeleur was there."

"Of course," said the Rector, without flinching, "she had her choir work to attend to. Well, John, there's no use in being angry about a mistake, only remember the church is not a place for the amusement of amateur musicians. Good afternoon."

The family, who had looked on in unspeakable awe during this brief dialogue, now began to breathe freely again, and a kettle, which had been sputtering destruction over Mrs. Bopolt's bright fender unregarded, was now snatched off the top bar by that careful matron, who had not dared to move hand or foot in the presence of an offended Rector.

Stephen Davoren walked slowly homeward, a little more sick at heart than when he began his voyage of discovery. Other people had known the seducer; other people had seen his daughter go into the church to meet her tempter, polluting that sacred place by the struggle of an earthly passion; other people had guessed something of the dreadful truth, perhaps. He only had been blind.

The thought of this, that his little world might be in the secret of his sad story, helped to break his heart. If it had not been broken by the mere fact of his daughter's ruin, it would have been crushed by the weight of his own shame. He could not look the world in the face any more. He tried to do his duty manfully, preached the old sound homely sermons; but when he spoke of sin and sorrow, he seemed to speak of his lost daughter. He went among his poor, but the thought of Janet set his wits wandering in the midst of his simple talk, and he would make little feeble speeches and repeat himself helplessly, hardly knowing what he said.

His parishioners perceived the change, and told each other that the Rector was breaking fast; it was a pity Miss Davoren was away; "She'd have cheered him up a bit, poor old gentleman."

Lucius came home from Winchester later in the year—his school course ended, and the winner of a scholarship which would help him at the university—came home to hear the story of his sister's flight, his Janet, the sister whose genius and beauty had been his highest pride.

He took the news of this calamity more quietly than his father and mother had dared to hope; insisted upon hearing every detail of the event, but said little.

"You made inquiries about this man, this Mr. Vandeleur, of course, father?" he said.

"Yes," answered the Rector in his despondent way, "I wrote to Harwood—you remember my old friend Harwood the solicitor?—and set him to work, not telling him the whole story, as you may suppose. But it resulted in nothing. I put an advertisement into the *Times*, too, imploring your sister—" with a little husky noise before the word, as if he would fain have uttered his missing girl's name but could not, "imploring her to come back, offering forgiveness, affection, silence, so worded that none but she could understand. I think she must have left England, Lucius. I do not think she would have left that appeal unanswered."

"Vandeleur," said Lucius quietly, "an assumed name, no doubt. Some scoundrel she met at the Castle, or Lady Baker's. Vandeleur, I pray God I may come across him before I'm many years older."

This was all he said, and from this time forth he never pronounced his sister's name. He saw how far this grief had gone towards shortening his father's life, how dark a cloud it had spread over his mother's declining years. A twelve-month later, and both were gone; the father dying suddenly one bright spring morning of heart disease, organic disorder of long standing, but who shall say how accelerated by that bitter trouble? The faithful wife drooped from the day of his death, and only four months afterwards sank quietly to her rest, thankful that her journey was ended, placidly happy in the secure hope of a swift and easy passage to the better land, where she would find the partner of her life waiting for her, the little daughter who died years ago greeting her with loving welcome.

And thus Lucius Davoren had been left quite alone in the world in the first year of his university life, and two years before he came up to London to walk the hospitals, and just five years before he started for America with Geoffrey Hossack.

CHAPTER II.

HOMER SIVEWRIGHT.

There was not a plethora of patients in the Shadrack-road, nor were the cases which presented themselves to Mr. Davoren for the most part of a deeply interesting character. He had a good supply of casualties, from broken limbs, dislocated shoulders, collar bones, and crushed ribs, down to black eyes; he had numerous cases of purely domestic nature—cases which called him out of his bed of nights; and he had a good many small patients in the narrow streets and airless alleys—little sufferers whose quiet endurance, whose meek acceptance of pain as a necessity of their lives, moved him more than he would have cared to confess. So profound a pity as he sometimes felt for these little ones would have seemed hardly professional. His practice among children was singularly fortunate. He did not drench them with those nauseous compounds which previous practitioners had freely administered in a rough-and-ready offhand fashion; but he did,

with a very small amount of drugs, for the most part succeed in setting those delicate machines in order, restoring health's natural hue to pallid cheeks, breathing life into feeble lungs. It was painful to him often to find himself obliged to prescribe good broths and nourishing solids with an empty larder and an unfurnished purse staring him, as it were, palpably in the face; and there were many occasions when he eked out his instructions with contributions in kind—a shilling's worth of beef or a couple of mutton chops, from the butcher at the end of the street, a gill of port from the nearest tavern. But him, too, poverty held in his iron grip, and it was not always that he could afford to part with so much as a shilling.

Such luxuries as fresh air and clean water—restoratives which might be supposed easy of access even in the Shadrack-road district, though there were dwellings around and about Shadrack-Basin where even these were hardly obtainable—he urged upon his patients with all his might, and in the households he attended there arose a startling innovation in the way of open windows. From these very poor patients he, of course, received no money; but he had other patrons, small tradesmen and their families, who paid him, and paid him honorably, down on the nail for the most part, and on a scale he felt he must blush to remember by and by when he became a distinguished west end physician. Small as the payments were, however, they enabled him to live, so very small were his own requirements. His *Amat* eat nothing. He had, himself, a stoical indifference to good living, and could have sustained himself contentedly upon pemmican, within reach of all the richest and rarest viands earth could yield to a Lucullus. His establishment consisted of an ancient serving woman, who had withdrawn herself from a useful career of charring for his exclusive service, a woman who returned to the bosom of her family every night and came back to her post in the early morning, and a boy of a low-spirited turn of mind and an inconvenient tendency to bleeding at the nose. It irked him that he was obliged to pay the rent of an entire house, however small, requiring for his own uses at most three rooms; but people had told him that he could not hope to do any good in the Shadrack-Basin district if he began in lodgings; and he was fain to submit, supposing that there must be some lurking element of aristocracy in the minds of the Shadrackites not suggested by their outward habits, which were of the wheel-and-periwinkle-eating order.

His house was small, inconvenient, and shabbily furnished. He had taken the furniture at a valuation from Mr. Plumsole, his predecessor, —a valuation which, if it had been based on justice, should have been nothing; since a more rickety race of chairs and tables, a more evil-looking family of bedsteads and dressing-tables, chiffoniers and sofas, had never been called into being by the glue-pot. There was not a perfect set of castors in the house, or a chair which had not some radical defect in one of its legs, or a table that realised one's notion of a correct level. Lucius was obliged to buy a toolbox and a glue-pot very soon after his investiture as proprietor of Mr. Plumsole's goods and chattels, and a good deal of his leisure was consumed by small experiments in domestic surgery as applied to chairs and tables. He performed the most delicate operations; reduced dislocations, and cured compound fractures in a wonderful way, with the aid of a handful of tin tacks and a halfpennyworth of glue. But he felt somehow that this was not the direct road to the mastery of a great science, and would give a weary little sigh as he went back to his medical books, after a sharp struggle with a refractory chair-leg, or an obstinate deliciv in the flap of a Pembroke table.

He was very poor, very patient, very much in earnest; as earnest now as he had been in those days of wild adventure in the Far West, when amid all the excitement of the chase his thoughts had ever gone beyond, searching for Nature's secrets, longing to wrest from her vast stores of hidden wealth some treasure which might be useful to his fellow-creatures. Of all those vague unspoken hopes nothing had come. He had left no footmark behind him in that distant world, he had brought home no trophy. Nothing had resulted from all those days of hardship and peril, except a secret which it was horror to remember. He turned his face now resolutely to the real world—the cold, hard, workaday world of an over-populated city—and set himself to do what good there was for him to do in his narrow sphere.

"It may be some atonement for the blood I shed yonder," he said to himself.

In his small way he prospered—prospered in doing good. When he had been at this drudgery a little more than a year, the parish surgeon died—popular report said of a too genial temper and a leaning towards good fellowship, not unassociated with Irish whisky—and Lucius was elected in his stead. This gave him a pitance which helped him, paid his rent and taxes, and the charwoman, and gave him admittance to the dwellings of the poor. Thus it was he came to have so many children in his case-book, and to spend his scanty overplus of income in small charities among his patients.

He worked hard all day, and, after the manner of his kind, was often called up in the night; but he had his evenings for the most part to himself, to use as he listed. These precious intervals of leisure he spent in reading—reading which was chiefly professional—so-lacing himself sometimes with a dip into a favorite author. His library consisted of a shelfful of books on one of the decrepit chif-

foniers, and was at least select. The Greek playwrights, Shakespeare, Montaigne, St. Thomas à Kempis, Molière, De Musset, Shelley, Keats, Byron, made up his stock, and of these he never knew weariness. He opened one of these volumes haphazard when the scientific reading had been unusually tough, and he had closed his medical books with a sigh of relief, opened one of his pet volumes anywhere, and read on till he read himself into dreamland. Dreams will come, even in the Shadrack-Basin district, to a man who has not yet crossed the boundary line of his thirtieth birthday; but Lucius Davoren's were only vague dreams, incoherent visions of future success, of the days when he was to be famous, and live among the lofty spirits of the age, and feel that he had made his name a name to be remembered in centuries to come. Perhaps every young man who has been successful at a public school and at the university begins life with the same vision; but upon Lucius the fancy had a stronger hold than on most men, and almost amounted to a belief, the belief that it was his destiny to be of use to his fellow-creatures.

But he had another key to open the gates of dreamland, a key more potent than Shakespeare. When things had gone well with him, when in the day's work there had been some little professional success, some question that interested his keen fancy, and had been solved to his satisfaction; above all, when he had done some good thing for his fellow-creatures, he would take a shining mahogany-case from the chiffonier beneath his book-shelf, lay it tenderly on the table, as if it were a living thing, open it with a dainty little key which he wore attached to his watch-chain, and draw forth his priceless treasure, the Amati violin, for which he, to whom pounds were verily pounds, had given in his early student days the sum of one hundred guineas. How many deprivations, how many small self-sacrifices—gloves, opera-tickets, ay, even dinners—that violin represented! He naturally loved it so much the better for the pangs it had cost him. He had earned it, if not with the sweat of his brow, at least by the exercise of extreme self-denial.

Then, with careful hand, with delicate sympathetic touch, fingers light as those with which a woman gathers her favorite flower, he would draw forth his fiddle, and soon the little room would be filled with gentle strains—plaintive, soothing, meditative, the music of dreams; full of tender thoughts, of pensive memories, music which was like thinking aloud. And after those fond memories of familiar melody, music which was as easy a language as his mother tongue, he would open one of his battered old volumes, and pore over the intricate pages of Viotti, or Spohr, or De Beriot, or Lafont, until midnight, and even the quieter hours that follow, had sounded from all the various steeple-clocks and dockyard-clocks and factory-clocks of that watery district.

He had been working upwards of a year as parish surgeon, and in all that time, and the time that went before it, had not been favored with any more aristocratic patronage than that of the neighboring tradesmen, his wealthiest patient being a publican at the corner of the great Essex-road, reported the richest man in the district, when chance, or that combination of small causes which seems generally to lead up to the greatest effects, brought him into friendly and professional relations with a man of a different class; a man about whom the Shadrack-road knew little, but thought much.

Lucius was returning from his daily round one winter afternoon, towards the end of November, when the skies that roof in the Shadrack-Basin region begin to darken soon after three o'clock. It was nearer five when the parish surgeon set his face homeward, and the Shadrack-road was enfolded in its customary fog; the street-lamps—not too brilliant in the clearest weather—and the lighted shop-windows gleaming dimly athwart that sombre smoke-curtain. Suddenly, gleaming a little brighter than the rest, he saw a moving lamp, the lamp of a fast hansom; then heard an execration in the usual cabman-voice; a crash, a grinding noise, as of wheels grating against wheels; a volley of execrations rising in terrible crescendo; and then the loud commanding voice of the passenger in the stranded vehicle, demanding to be let out.

Lucius went to the assistance of the distressed passenger—if that could be called distress which could command so lusty an utterance—extricated him from the hansom, which had run foul of a monster dray, laden with beer barrels.

The passenger availed himself of Mr. Davoren's arm, and alighted, not without some show of feebleness. It seemed as if his chief strength were in his voice. Seen somewhat dimly beneath that fog curtain, he appeared an old man, tall but bent, with a leonine head and a penetrating eye—keen as the eye of hawk or eagle.

He thanked the surgeon briefly, dismissed the cabman with a stern reproof and without his fare.

"You know me," he said, "Homer Sive-wright, Cedar House. You can take out a summons if you fancy you're badly treated. You've jerked a great deal more than eighteenpence out of my constitution."

The cabman vanished in the fog, grumbling but acquiescent.

"At seventy and upwards," said Mr. Sive-wright to Lucius, "the human economy will hardly bear shaking. I shall walk home."

(To be continued.)

LAY ME LOW.

Lay me low, my work is done,
I am weary. Lay me low,
Where the wild flowers woo the sun,
Where the balmy breezes blow,
Where the butterfly takes wing,
Where the aspens drooping grow,
Where the young birds chirp and sing.
I am weary, let me go.

I have striven hard and long,
In the world's unequal fight,
Always to resist the wrong,
Always to maintain the right,
Always with a stubborn heart,
Taking, giving blow for blow.
Brother, I have played my part,
And am weary, let me go.

Stern the world and bitter cold,
Irksome, painful to endure,
Everywhere a love of gold,
Nowhere pity for the poor.
Everywhere mistrust, disguise,
Pride, hypocrisy and show.
Draw the curtain, close mine eyes,
I am weary, let me go.

Others' chance when I am gone
May restore the battle-cry,
Bravely lead the good cause on,
Fighting in the which I fall.
God may quicken some true soul
Here to take my place below
In the heroes' muster roll.
I am weary let me go.

Shield and buckler, hang them up,
Drape the standard on the wall,
I have drained the mortal cup
To the finish, dregs and all.
When our work is done 'tis best,
Brother, best that we should go.
I'm weary, let me rest,
I'm weary, lay me low.

The Sergeant's Ghost Story.

Everybody, or nearly everybody, young or old, loves a ghost story. It is not necessary to believe in its truth to derive enjoyment from it. The more inexplicable it appears to our ordinary reason, the greater the charm that it exercises. Incredulity itself is pleased by a flight into the regions of the wonderful and the supernatural, as is evident from the satisfaction derived by people of all ages and nations from fairy tales, which nobody accepts for truth. But the fairy tale only appeals to the imagination. The ghost story goes deeper into the mysterious fountains of human nature, and touches on the confines of the great undiscovered land of spirits, whose secrets are not to be divulged on this side of the grave. Hence its charms and fascination, and hence everybody who reads or hears a ghost story, experiences a satisfaction, either in believing in it implicitly, or in explaining it away by natural causes.

A few years ago I travelled in a British colony in America. The governor was absent in England on his holiday visit, and the duties of his office were temporarily performed by the chief justice, aided by the prime minister, or secretary of state. I was a frequent guest at Government House, and there became acquainted with an old soldier, one Sergeant Monaghan, who performed the part of orderly messenger, and sometimes waited at table when the governor had company. The manners of a colony are free and easy, and learning that the old soldier was a thorough believer in ghosts, and had one ghost story which he was fond of telling, I invited him to my room, treated him to a cigar and a glass of grog, gave him a seat by the blazing wood fire, and prevailed upon him to evolve the story once again out of the coils of his memory. I repeat it, as nearly as I can, in his own words.

"You see," said Sergeant Monaghan, "Tim O'Loughlin was a delicate and wake sort of a boy. He had a love affair in Ireland that weighed on his mind. He was a kind of cousin of mine, and served in my regiment as a private. Perhaps he would have risen to be a sergeant if he had lived, but, as I said, he was not strong. You may have noticed that from the gate of Government House, where the sentry-box stands, you can see into the burial-ground on the opposite side of the road. Not a cheerful situation for Government House. But, however, all the best rooms look into the garden at the back, and the governor need not see much of the burial-ground, except when he goes in and out. One foggy night, Tim O'Loughlin was stationed as sentry at Government House. It was full moon at the time, and the light upon the white wall mist that lay like an immense blanket over the earth, shone weak and watery-like. It was not a very thick fog, and did not hide objects at the distance of a hundred yards, but only revealed them to make them look larger than they really were. I was in the guard-room smoking my pipe, comfortably as I am now (either a pipe or a cigar, it's all the same to Sergeant Monaghan, if the baccy's good), when who should walk in but Tim O'Loughlin, with a face of such wild, blank, dismal terror, as I never saw before or since on a human being. It was fully an hour before his time to be relieved of duty, and in leaving his post he had committed a very serious offence. I ordered him back to his post, but he sat down by the fire, and doggedly refused to stir.

"What's the matter with you, Tim?" said I. "Are you unwell? And why did you come off duty? And it's I myself that'll have to report you."

"You may report—you must report; but I will not go back again, though I be shot for it. I have seen him."

"Him?—and who is him?"

"Him! Why Captain Percival. He came closely up to me, and pointed to a man in the burial-ground digging a grave next to his own."

"The captain had died about a month previously, and Tim, who was very much attached to him—and indeed everybody in the regiment was—had grieved very much about his death. He had acted as the captain's servant, and had received many favors at his hand, and poor Tim was a grateful crater."

"It's all nonsense, Tim," said I. "Go back to your post, and in reporting you, I'll make the best case out that I can for you."

"Never!" said Tim, "if I be shot for it."

"As chance and luck would have it, the doctor happened to drop in at this moment, and learning the circumstances that had induced Tim to leave his post, questioned him fully on the subject. But he felt Tim's pulse first, and there came over his face an expression that I noticed, but that Tim did not, which said very plainly to me that he did not like the beat of it. Tim was confident that he had seen Captain Percival, and that the captain pointed out the grave which a man was digging alongside of his own, and had distinctly told him that he was to be buried there as soon as the grave was quite ready."

"And you saw the man digging the grave?" asked the doctor.

"Distinctly," replied Tim; "and you can see him too, if you go immediately."

"Do you go, sergeant," said the doctor to me, "and I'll sit with O'Loughlin till you return. I think you had better detail another sentry in his place. Is there any brandy to be got? But stay; it does not matter. I have a flask. And O'Loughlin, my man, you must take a pull at it; it is medicine, you know, and I order it."

"Tim was taking a pull at the flask as I went out. I thought it possible enough that the grave digger might be at work, but I did not know what to say about the captain, except to think, perhaps, that Tim had been dreaming, and fancied he saw things that had no existence. I got into the burial-ground without difficulty—the gate was not fastened—and went straight to the grave of Captain Percival. There stood the gravestone, sure enough, with the captain's name, age, and date of death upon it, and a short story besides, setting forth what a good and brave fellow he was, which was all as true as gospel. But there was no grave-digger there, nor no open grave, as Tim had fancied. I went back, and found Tim and the doctor together, Tim not looking quite so wild and white as before, but bad and ill all the same."

"Well?" inquired the doctor.

"Well!" I replied. "There's nothing to be seen. It's just as I thought. Poor Tim's fancy has cheated him, and it's my opinion the poor boy is not well at all. An' what am I to do about reporting him?"

"You must report him, of course," said the doctor; "but I don't think much harm will come to him out of that. O'Loughlin, you must go into hospital for a day or two, and I will give you some stuff that will bring you out again right as a trivet, and you will see no more ghosts."

"Tim shook his head, and was taken quietly to the hospital, and put to bed. The brandy had done him good; whether it was all brandy, or whether there wasn't a drop of sleeping stuff in it, I can't say, but it's very likely there was, for the doctor told me the longer he slept in reason the better it would be for him. And Tim had a long sleep, but not a very quiet one, for all that same, and tossed about for the matter of a dozen hours or so. But he never got out of bed again. When I saw him at noon the next day he was wide awake, and very feverish and excitable."

"How are you, Tim, my poor fellow?" said I, taking his hand, which was very hot and moist.

"I've seen him again," he replied. "I see him now. He is sitting at the foot of the bed, and pointing to the graveyard. I know what he means."

"Tim, it's crazy that ye are," said I.

"He shook his head mournfully. 'Monaghan,' he sighed, rather than said, 'ye've been a kind friend to me. Give that to the little girl in Ireland—you know.' And he drew a photographic portrait of himself from under his pillow, tied round with a blue ribbon, from which depended a crooked sixpence with a hole in it. 'In a few days ye'll be laying me in the ground alongside of the captain. Do you see him now? he is leaving the room, smiling upon me, and still pointing to the graveyard. I am no longer afraid of him. He means me no harm, and it is no blame to him if he is sent to tell me to get ready.'

"Tim, you are cheating yourself. What you're telling me is all a waking dream. I can see no ghost."

"Of course you can't," said Tim, "the spirits never appears to two persons at once. But Patrick Monaghan," he added, "let us talk no more on the subject, but send Father Riley to me, that I may unburden me sowl, and die in peace."

"It would have been cruel in me to have argued the matter with the poor afflicted creature, and him such a friend of my own too, so I left him to go in search of the doctor first, and of Father Riley afterwards. They both came. What passed between Tim and the holy father,

of course I never knew; but the doctor told me distinctly that Tim was in a very bad way. The stomach was wrong, the nerves were wrong, the brain was wrong; he fact he was wrong altogether, and had a fever which the doctor called by a very grand and high-sounding name, which I did not hear very plainly, and which if I did I am unable to remember. Tim survived three days after this, sleeping and dozing, and talking in his sleep, and every now and then saying, amid words which I could not well put together into any meaning, 'I am coming, I am coming.' Just before he died, he grew more collected, and made me promise that he should be buried in the grave that had been dug for him by the side of the captain. I knew that no such grave had been dug as he said, and that it was all a delusion; but what was the use of arguing with a dying man? So I promised of course, by my honor and by my sowl, to do all I could to have his last wish gratified. The doctor promised also, and so did Father Riley, and I think poor Tim died happy. His last words were something about the ribbon and the crooked sixpence, and the captain, the very last syllable being 'I come.'

"We buried the poor lad in the place assigned by himself, and I was so affected altogether by the sadness of the thing, that I could have persuaded myself, in fact I did persuade myself, that I saw Captain Percival in undress, or fatigue uniform, just as he had appeared to poor Tim walking past the sentry-box before the door of Government House, and stopping every now and then to point at the grave; and the more I closed my eyes to avoid seeing him, the more permanently and clearly he stood before me."

"And are you in any doubt on the subject now?" I inquired.

"And indeed I am," replied the sergeant, shaking the ashes from his cigar with the tip of his little finger. "Tim must have seen the ghost, and must have believed in him, and if I only saw it after Tim's death, it is but another proof of what almost everybody knows, that two people never saw the same ghost at the same time. And ghost or no ghost, it is quite clear that Tim died of him, and might have been alive at this moment but for the ghost's extraordinary behavior. But it's one of the questions that all the talk in the world can't settle."

"Do you think Tim would have seen the ghost of Captain Percival, or anybody else, if he had been sound in mind and limb, if he had been a strong hearty man with a good appetite, and an undisturbed stomach?"

"Can't say," replied the sergeant, taking a sip of his liquor. "The doctor thought not; but doctors don't know everything; and if there were no ghosts, why, I should like to ask, should the spirit of Samuel appeared to Saul, and answer his questions?"

"Well, sergeant," said I, "if you are going to the Bible for arguments, I shall shut up. Finish your glass, my man, and let us say good-night." He finished his glass, he said good-night, and walked away with the air of a man who thought he had had the best of the argument.

WHY HE LEFT THE STAGE.

BY MAX ADELER.

Barnsby was leading man in the theatre at the city of Blank, and when the manager determined to bring out Mazeppa as a show piece, Barnsby was selected as the person to represent the hero. None of the livery-stable people would let a horse for the performance, and so the manager said he didn't care, he would rent a mule, even if the presence of such a long-eared animal upon the stage did no violence to the proprieties. After a few rehearsals the mule did well enough. It would bound up the white pine precipice with an enthusiastic ardor which was most commendable. When the play was produced they trotted out the mule, strapped Mazeppa on its back, and turned its head towards the precipice. But it manifested a reluctance to move up the frowning cliff. It began to back. It receded until it reached the footlights, and then it drove out its hind feet suddenly, and kicked the leader of the orchestra clean through the brass drum, nearly killing him. Then it stood still and mused over things, and summed up recollections of its youth, and meditated over the fitful past, and dreamed of bygone days, while it occasionally lifted its off hind leg and scratched itself on the side, stopping in the midst of the exercise sometimes, with its leg halfway up in the air as some new thought seemed to strike it. Then the scene shifter jabbed it with a sword to bring it out of its reverie, and all at once he began to pitch and rear and wheel round and round, and to reach its nose over and chew Mazeppa's elbow. Then it dashed through a canvas temple at the side, kicked over four muslin trees, tore a sixty-dollar vermilion sunset to rags, and nearly switched the eyes out of a Tartar chieftain with its tail. Finally it was seized with the blind staggers, and it lay down, rolled on Mazeppa three or four times, and finally slid over into the orchestra, upsetting the lamps and setting fire to the stage, and bringing up at last with one hoof in the mouth of the trombone, and its tail tangled up with the triangle. Barnsby was in the hospital for a month, and now whenever anybody asks him if he ever played Mazeppa he feels as if he wanted to commit murder.

THE LAW OF DEATH.

BY JOHN HAY.

The song of Kilvany. Fairest she
In all the land of Savatthi.
She had one child, as sweet and gay
And dear to her as the light of day.
She was so young, and he so fair,
The same bright eyes and the same dark hair,
To see them by the blossomy way
They seemed two children at their play.

There came a death-dart from the sky.
Kilvany saw her darling die.
The glimmering shade his eyes invades,
Out of his cheek the red bloom fades;
His warm heart feels the icy chill,
The round limbs shudder and are still.
And yet Kilvany held him fast
Long after life's last pulse was past
As if her kisses could restore
The smile gone out for evermore.

But when she saw her child was dead
She scattered ashes on her head,
And seized the small corpse, pale and sweet
And rushing wildly through the street,
She sobbing fell at Buddha's feet.

"Master! all-helpful! help me now!
Here at thy feet I humbly bow;
Have mercy, Buddha! help me now!"
She groveled on the marble floor,
And kissed the dead child o'er and o'er,
And suddenly upon the air
There fell the answer to her prayer:
"Bring me to-night a Lotus tied
With thread from a house where none has
died."

She rose, and laughed with thankful joy,
Sure that the god would save the boy.
She found a Lotus by the stream;
She plucked it from its noonday dream,
And then from door to door she fared,
To ask what house by death was spared.
Her heart grew cold to see the eyes
Of all dilate with slow surprise:
"Kilvany, thou hast lost thy head;
Nothing can help a child that's dead.
There stands not by the Ganges' side
A house where none hath ever died."
Thus through the long and weary day,
From every door she bore away
Within her heart, and on her arm,
A heavier load, a deeper harm.
By gates of gold and ivory,
By walled huts of poverty,
The same refrain heard poor Kilvany,
The living are few—the dead are many.

The evening came, so still and fleet,
And overtook her hurrying feet,
And, heart-sick, by the sacred fane
She fell and prayed the god again.
She sobbed and beat her bursting breast,
"Ah! thou hast mocked me! Mightiest!
Lo! I have wandered far and wide—
There stands no house where none hath died."
And Buddha answered, in a tone
Soft as a flute at twilight blown,
But grand as heaven and strong as death
To him who hears with ears of faith:
"Child, thou art answered! Murmur not!
Bow, and accept the common lot."

Kilvany heard with reverence meet,
And laid her child at Buddha's feet.
—Scribner's.

BOARDING OUT.

A REMINISCENCE OF NEW YORK EVERY-DAY
LIFE.

"Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

Of all peaceful peripatetic pursuits calculated to test the temper and paralyse the small stock of human patience with which Providence may have endowed one, commend me to house-hunting, seeking for lodgings, or endeavoring to balance the respective merits of two or more rival boarding establishments. To search for a needle in a bundle of hay would be but a joke in comparison with either or all of these "pleasant pastimes for leisure moments" at any time at home; but abroad, beyond the realms of our historical "streak of silver sea," the quest for a local habitation and a name is rendered tenfold more onerous by the innumerable and often apparently insurmountable difficulties that present themselves at almost every step, unless, Bedouin-like, you have made up your mind to carry your tent with your other belongings and camp out *sub Jove frigido*, scorning more material shelter, or else should enlist yourself, as do most of your fellow-travellers and countrymen, under the banner of hotel-mongers, that noble army of martyrs.

However bad things may be in this respect on the continent of Europe, in America they are much worse, according to my experience; at least to those newly-arrived and strange to the ways of the country; for all one's home ideas of comfort and domesticity are diametrically opposed to the teaching and practice of our Transatlantic cousins. I shall never forget the tedious ordeal which another Anglo-Saxon,

his wife, and myself once underwent when seeking furnished apartments shortly after our landing in New York, and when we had discovered that the charges at a Broadway hotel for a suite of rooms were rather too high for a permanency. O, the unlimited amount of walking about through hot blistering streets that we had to go through; the endless slights and rebuffs we met with; the incessant cross-examination, pertinent and impertinent, from inquisitive females with which we were assailed! Up and down the main "Avenues" that run parallel, equal distances apart, lengthwise through the Empire City, and backwards and forwards, east and west along the side thoroughfares of numeral nomenclature that cut these at right angles—from Fourteenth-street, the home of the Academy of Music and the American-French Opera, and likewise the abode of the great Delmonico and the new wigwam of Tammany Hall, to the one christened one-hundred-and-something-or-other-odd—we tramped about wearily day after day, for well nigh a week, "seeking rest and finding none;" until, at last, we had to give up the game in despair, as not being worth the candle—or rather shoe-leather—through our inability to light upon any lodgings fitted up according to the very ultra-English ideas of my friend's wife. One landlady, I remember, was horrified at our strictures on her bedroom accommodation, the general custom in the States being to provide only the barest absolute necessities, somewhat in the style of the old Iron Duke's chamber at Apsley House; the good dame was also filled with astonishment at our wanting a private sitting-room apart from the other lodgers, considering the notion as one of whose extravagance only "a darned Britisher" could be guilty. "I can't make out nohow what yer can want a sittin' room fur," she said on parting; "ain't the parlors good enough fur yer?" and she may still be puzzling her New England brains over the matter, for all I know to the contrary. During our unsuccessful search, however, we noticed one especial point of interest to us, and that was the general respect and regard with which Queen Victoria is looked upon by all classes across the Atlantic. In almost every other house in which we entered we saw the portrait of her Majesty hung in juxtaposition to the inevitable engraving of "Washington and his Family," sacred amongst the Penates of all American homes.

Good apartments are difficult to be procured in New York, because "boarding out" is the rule in all towns throughout the States, and separate establishments the exception. In fact, house-rent is so excessive in the cities, that it is nearly impossible for middle-class people to hire houses for themselves, as with us; and this is one of the strongest reasons for the boarding-out system, apart from its suiting the national character, that tends to sink individuality for the good, or ill, of the community at large. I have known two thousand dollars per annum paid for a small house in Brooklyn—the "Surrey side" of the Empire City—which would not command a forty-pound rental in the best London suburb. "Up town," in and about Fifth-avenue, even paltry buildings let for enormous sums, and are impossible to any but millionaires who may have just "struck it."

Following the "custom of the country," my friends and myself had to be contented with a boarding-house; and, as good luck would have it, managed to select a very comfortable one, "located" in one of the best quarters of boulevard-lined Brooklyn, to which part we were especially recommended during the hot weather of our first summer in the States—Long Island, on which this suburb of Manhattan's town is built, being open to the ocean breezes, and consequently more healthy than the main land.

Our hostess here was a rather pretty, "nice," energetic little woman, with piercing black eyes, raven hair, and of the genuine American facial type. She came, fortunately for us, from the interior of the Union; being hence not as yet versed in the ways of the city, for which she was certainly none the worse. Her husband, of whom we saw little save in the evenings, was a naturalised Dutchman; and although he had lived almost from his youth up until now, or then, in New York, he yet bore a strong aroma, so to speak, of Holland and the Zuyder Zee about him. Our household was farther composed of two old maiden ladies hailing from the adjacent State, one of whom had been a governess, or "school marm," as they call lady teachers out West, and the other had "seen better days"—harmless both; two native sons of New York, young, ambitious, "go-a-headative," and aspiring in the manner of Young America; two young Canadian ladies living on their means, who subsequently initiated us into the mysteries of waltzing on skates and the delicacies of maple sugar; a young Irish-American milliner, as pretty and captivating as if she had been born in the "ould country," and not across the seas; a Rhode Island engineer, one of the best specimens of a native gentleman and of "Nature's noblemen" that I have ever met; in addition to the four small children of our landlord and his better-half, two "helps" or servants, my English friend and wife, and myself.

Nineteen souls in all, we lived in a neat, compact, brown-stone house, with green jalousies to its windows, and a high "stoop," or porch, in its front, situated close to Fulton-avenue, in the central part of the suburb. It was early in June when we came here, and the end of the following spring ere we left—a rather long residence in one boarding-house for America, where moving about constantly is the order of the day, for the sake of variety and change—and yet, during the entire time of our stay, we had nothing to

cause us inconvenience beyond the natural difference of the mode of life to our English ideas; for allowances were made on both sides, and thus "discord dire" prevented from entering into the peaceful fold of our happy family.

In England we all complain, somehow or other, a good deal on the score of domestics, various high-colored instances of "servant-galism" being frequently depicted; but I should very much like some of these grumblers—the evil generally arising in nine cases out of ten from their own fault in the treatment of their servants—to go through but one-half the torment which an American housekeeper has to endure from her "helps," and I am certain that the exacting British matrons would then cease their endless diatribes against "the greatest plagues in life."

Across the water, masters and mistresses are retained on sufferance, and not their domestics, who will discard them at a moment's notice, through offended dignity or the chance of "bettering themselves." Under the equality banner of the blessed Stars and Stripes, no man or woman will submit to be called a "servant," even of the Deity! O, no! They are assistants, or helps, although often a sad look out in time of need, as they are well aware of their importance.

The larger number of the domestics in service throughout the States are from the Emerald Isle, so the old time-honored and exclusive dictum formerly current in English advertisements, "No Irish need apply," would be sadly out of place in New York. As soon as she gets over the voyage, Bridget becomes "a grate lady entirely," and comports herself accordingly. She requires a place to engage herself out to—not that she would "demane herself" by slavish service, but just for a home and companionship sake—so she puts a notice in one of the New York papers to that effect, directing any one who may be struck by reading of her accomplishments in cooking and mangling—about synonymous terms, by the way—to call upon her. This is an actual fact, without exaggeration. Any one wanting servants has to always wait on them at the address they may give, the positions of employer and employed being in many respects completely reversed.

Should the lady who calls on her happen to suit our friend Bridget, conceding several weak points referring to hours of work, "the best of mate and drink," hours out, holidays, and the visits of her "cousin," she accepts the situation; and, engaging a black boy to carry her traps to the new place, makes her appearance at the time best suited to her own convenience. In the generality of boarding-houses where she is engaged, Bridget may do exactly as she pleases, according to the temper and tenor of her own sweet will. No native bashfulness or diffidence of manner prevents her from taking part in the general conversation of the boarders at the table d'hôte, and she will often, on the spur of the moment peradventure, sit down at the festive board in company with her master and mistress and the other guests. In case of anything occurring to displease her ladyship, off she goes at once, bag and baggage; and, as she can readily procure another place, her employers are chary of offending her, putting up with her airs and independence, *bon gré, mal gré*, and considering it better to bear the ills they have than fly to others they know not of. I have heard hundreds of anecdotes of Bridget's ways and means to her end, some of which would be incredible to English readers. The average wages of ordinary maids-of-all-work in New York are from fifteen to twenty dollars per month, with "everything found" (about 3*l.* as a rule); while good cooks can obtain double and treble that rate.

In our Brooklyn boarding-house, one of the servants was of a much better stamp than the generality of those common in the States. Old Jane came from Tyrone, she said, and in appearance, language, and nature exhibited strongly the half-Scotch characteristics of those who hail from the north of Ireland. She was sixty years old, if she were a day, judging her by her hard physiognomy and wintry looks; but her movements were as full of life, and she was as hale and hearty, as if she had seen but thirty summers. Jane was a capital servant; tidy, clean, respectful, and up to her work, being uncontaminated, in spite of her long residence in America, by that spirit of braggadocio which infects most of her countrymen and countrywomen from the moment that they land at Castle Garden and tread the "free soil" of the Great Republic. Indeed, she had a hearty contempt for every one not belonging to the old country, always speaking with disdain and disparagement of "thayse Ammiricans," as she scornfully styled them. Her sole weakness was drink, to which she invariably yielded on periodical occasions. As sure as Jane received her month's wages she would go off on a spree, or "jamboree," as it is called significantly on the other side, for a couple of days, although she always said in advance that she was going up to "say her sister." When the forty-eight hours were up, in which time her money would punctually be expended, she would return again to Brooklyn, looking older and more careworn. For yet another day she was in the habit of being very lachrymose, bewailing the loss of her grandmother, from whom death had probably parted her forty years before. After this fit of contrition, however, she would set bravely to work again harder than ever, and be as sober as a judge until the next month came to an end, and with it a fresh supply of dollars wherewith to procure her favorite inebriating beverage, which was, if I recollect aright, raw Irish whiskey. The other "help" was a little

active American girl, whom old Jane was always slanging and otherwise keeping up to her duties, which consisted mainly in minding our landlady's infant family: to do her justice, she succeeded in doing this very well; as, but for an occasional scampering to be heard in distant passages, and mayhap a yell of juvenile agony now and then, we should hardly have known a child was in the house. For my part, I don't think I saw one twice during the whole time of my stay in the family.

Volgsleigen, our host, was a printer, and a very good printer too. I have always had a leaning to the trade, and took a fancy to him from the first. He employed some hundred hands or so, I believe, and did a large business in New York, the adjacent "city," whither he wended his way at an early hour every morning, long before I was up, returning home to dinner, or "supper," as his wife termed the meal, at six. His weak point was politics, and he regarded with a more jealous eye the movements of parties, although only a "naturalized" citizen, than any native down-easter from Massachusetts. My friend and myself won his heart completely by teaching him cribbage, a game of cards of which he had never heard before our advent within his domicile, and to which he immediately "cottoned" with frantic zeal. We afterwards rather regretted initiating him into the secrets of the play, as, ever after his mastering it, he would urge us of an evening to try our skill, and the ears of the other boarders would be dinned with the notation of "fifteen two, fifteen four, and one for his nob," until midnight.

Mrs. V., our landlady, was a very jolly little woman. In education and manner she was thoroughly well-bred; but she had not that *soupeon* of affectation and "loudness" about her which most American women from the interior possess. Her energetic character was quite a contrast to that of her placid spouse. She could sing very well, play the piano, and dance to perfection; and yet, with all her refinement, she was the busiest housewife, acting up *con amore* to the principle, illustrated by John Leech in *Punch* some years ago, of "when you want a thing done, do it yourself." We could frequently see her, when she believed herself unseen, handling a broom or dustpan with the dexterity of an adept; while, as for culinary skill, she was great at cakes of all sorts, hot biscuits, "clam fritters," and the like, besides "punkins some, I reckon," at pumpkin pie. Idleness was assuredly not one of her failings, for she would be up at five o'clock, not "with the lark," but when the whip-poor-will used to be going to bed, so as to have breakfast ready by six for the early risers; and then, after having probably assisted in its preparation, you would see her presiding at the table in the most becoming of morning costumes, as if she had only just come down-stairs. During the day she would be bustling about the house, seeing after the various exigencies of the *ménage*, although one seldom or ever caught sight of her again until dinner-time arrived, when she would appear once more as bright as a new pin, and as if she had been doing nothing but adorning herself. In the evening, until her husband, through our means, unfortunately became acquainted with the fascinations of cribbage, she used to be in the habit of getting him to take her to the play, being, like all the inhabitants of Transatlantica, a passionate admirer of the drama; afterwards, however, we saw more of her at home, and she was invariably the last up in the house: my private belief is that she never went to bed at all, but existed in some miraculous way without any sleep or rest whatever. American women and men have certainly a large amount of electricity in their composition, if one may judge them from the manner in which, both mentally and physically, they rush through life; in any given number of years they live to twice the extent we do, although whether they really enjoy this locomotive sort of existence is questionable.

Our old lady lodgers were of different dispositions and appearances, although they assimilated in age. One was serious, grave, quiet and demure; the other slightly skittish, and inclined to ape the airs and graces of sweet seventeen, reminding one of Theodore Hook's pregnant epigram of "mutton dressed lamb-fashion." Poor Miss Bird! what wicked fun used to be made of her little corkscrew artificial ringlets and purest complexion of "rose-bloom" and "pearl-white"! The younger lassies, especially those from Montreal, were decided acquisitions to the circle, and kept us all alive and on the *qui vive*. You must go to Canada and cross the border to appreciate the grace and *espièglerie* of a provincial belle. If you cannot manage to go so far, just look at the Signorina Albani, *née* La Jeunesse, the next time you go to the Italian Opera. She was born in the old Acadie immortalized by Longfellow, and will present to you some idea of how bewitching and beautiful a French Canadianne may be.

As regards our "gentlemen lodgers," one of them, a native of New York, was, without exception, the biggest, "cutest" scamp and the greatest liar I ever came across on either continent. The drawer of the long-bow mentioned in *Peter Simple*, who closed his mendacious career when on his death-bed by declaring that he had known a man to live with the death-rattle in his throat for six weeks, would have been "of no account" by the side of young Manhattan. He lied with such an exquisite address and unblushing effrontery that he made falsehood appear like a work of art. According to his own statement, he had been everything in turn, although now only a clerk in a Broadway insurance office, and had been everywhere; we supposed, however, and I believe with just-

ice, that he had never "seen the outside of Sandy Hook." The Rhode Island engineer was a strong contrast to this lively gentleman and his friend, the other New Yorker. He was really well-bred and well-educated, mostly from natural ability and self-teaching, and the most unassuming American one could wish to meet. He had passed through the greatest perils amongst the Rocky Mountain ranges, when prospecting with a survey party for the then proposed and now completed Union Pacific Railway, uniting the Empire City with California, and had also distinguished himself in the civil war by his gallantry; but of all this he never spoke, and I only heard of his deeds afterwards through another source.

The routine of our boarding-house life was at first very dull and uninteresting, until we all got more intimate and sociable together. In the generality of these establishments, however, in the States, the people living in the same houses never meet except at meal-times, which are hurried over, as they separate immediately afterwards, going to their bedrooms or strolling out in pursuit of "devilment and divarshun," as Pat said. There is one delicate point, by the way, connected with Transatlantic houses, which I should not forget to call attention to, and that is in the matter of boot-cleaning. No servants over there will condescend to polish another person's shoes. They think it not only derogatory to their newly-acquired dignity, but absolutely a slavish and servile proceeding; and so they accordingly decline doing it. Should you, brought up methodically in the ways of the Old World, carefully place your boots without your chamber-door when retiring to rest, in the expectation of finding them in the morning resplendent with all the shininess of Day and Martin's elixir, you will be sadly disappointed, I'm afraid. There they will be, sure enough, but in the precise state in which you left them overnight, untouched by menial hand. If you want them done you must buckle-to with a will and plenty of "elbow-grease," and polish them yourself, or else wait until you get out into the business quarters of the city, where you may possibly capture an Ethiopian specimen of Lord Shaftesbury's brigade.

Our cuisine was pretty fair, although displaying, according to the ordinary wont of American households, more abundance and prodigality than taste. There was always plenty to eat, but the cooking would never have satisfied a *gourmand*. Still it is wonderful to new-comers to the country to see the amount of food which Jonathan manages to dispose of during the day. In the morning, for instance, there used to be in our establishment a heavy breakfast, as if for a hunt-meeting at home, with chops and steaks, fried fish, vegetables, in addition to all sorts of hot cakes, made of buckwheat, and so on, to wind up with. All this would be "got through with," too, by the ardent appetites of the boarders at even so early an hour as six ante-meridian; and then they would be ready for lunch, or the old-fashioned "dinner," as some call it, at noon. When six in the evening came round, they would play as vigorous a knife-and-fork game as ever again, and probably wind up the day with an oyster-supper and ice-creams.

From statistics I obtained and compared with those of Paris and London, I believe the Americans are the largest meat-eaters in the world, exceeding us in the amount of animal food they consume even as the dwellers in the city of Lutetia exceed our consumption of bread. Over three hundred and sixty tons of meat, of an estimated value of some \$150,000, are bought and sold every day in Washington Market, New York. There is, however, great waste, large joints being the specialty in boarding-houses, and unlimited application to the fire the practice—the meat being invariably burnt up if baked, and reduced to rags if boiled. The bill of fare all the year round is composed principally of beef and mutton, until, like the lord's servants who were rationed on rabbits, one is inclined to exclaim, after a course of New World housekeeping, of beef and mutton, both tender and tough, "Praise the Lord, I've had enough!" For the information of the reader, I may here say that the average price of beef in New York is some fourteen cents a pound; of mutton, fifteen cents; veal, eighteen cents; and pork, twenty cents. For the latter viand, however, you must go to Cincinnati, the paradise of pigs, to get it in perfection. These prices are equivalent in our circulating medium to about sixpence, sixpence-halfpenny, eightpence and tenpence per pound respectively.

Fish is also a considerable article of diet in the States, and our Transatlantic cousins have a varied choice in the article. The blue fish, caught chiefly in Long Island Sound and off Sandy Hook, and tasting somewhat like a fine trout, is the favorite specimen; there are also to be had the cod, halibut, haddock, herring, mackerel, the black fish, white fish, wheat fish, weak fish (a strong fellow though to tackle), eels, pogies, sea bass, striped bass, trout, sturgeon, sheep's-head—a very fine variety—flounders, and many others whose local names would not be recognized in England. Oysters are, however, the grand production of American waters. They beat our "natives" all to nothing; although, as they are generally of very large size, they are more adapted for cooking purposes than for being eaten *au naturel*. O ye Silver Creek oysters! Whether dilating on them stewed, fried, roasted in their shells, or pickled, they would require a special chapter to do them full justice.

Most of the vegetables eaten are the same that are common in the West Indies, with which I had been previously acquainted, such as the sweet potato, squash, and so on; but the "egg-plant" is peculiar to the States. This is cut in

thin slices and fried in the pan, resembling in taste an omelette without seasoning; it is thought highly of by the natives, but I cannot say I relished it much. Tomatoes, I should mention, to conclude this treatise on edibles, are eaten with almost everything at every meal; and the fruit of the States must be enjoyed to be appreciated. Why, they actually feed the pigs on peaches and strawberries; they are so plentiful: just think of that!

The price of board at a good house "up-town" in the Empire City is about fifteen dollars a week—say £2 10s., calculating by the continued premium on gold; in Brooklyn the same accommodation can be procured for ten dollars—nearly thirty-five shillings. Working-men can get respectable bedrooms and their food—breakfast and supper—for six dollars, about a guinea, a week. From this it will be seen that if wages are high over the water, the cost of living is equally increased, and the result at the end of the year will be pretty much the same—an obligation to live up to one's income, the common custom in Transatlantica.

Besides being uneconomical, boarding out is generally distasteful to people brought up to an Anglican mode of life. There is so little privacy or delicacy about it, besides such a mixture of all classes of persons thrown together without a thought or sympathy in common. It is, however, the rule of everyday life in all American cities; and as it will probably continue to be so until the end of the chapter, there need not be anything more said about it.—*Belgravia*.

A DIAMOND STORY.

The *Figaro* tells a remarkable story: There is now living in Paris a lady—whose name is not divulged—who has become celebrated throughout all Europe for her adventures and for her magnificent diamonds. The value of these diamonds were estimated at eight millions of francs.

Among her intimate friends Madame X. counted Sir Joshua D., a gentleman of cold and reserved bearing. He was very attentive to her, and was her favored lover. But, unfortunately for Madame X. the devoted Englishman did not love her for herself, but for her jewels, and he was in reality the chief of an organized band of robbers.

His plan was well laid. In the month of January of last year he induced the husband of Madame X. to have the ceiling of his apartment frescoed, and recommended to him for that purpose an Italian painter, who, Sir Joshua said, was an excellent workman. The painter, a member of the robber band, came from Milan, and improved the time he was at work in the room by taking an impression of all the locks. A month after this, Sir Joshua suggested to the husband that his wife's diamonds were not in safety, and that Madame X. ought to buy a jewel-case for them, at the same time remarking that he knew a very good English maker. The new jewel-case was accordingly made in London, and the diamonds were placed in it.

At the end of two months later, on the warm recommendation of Sir Joshua, permission was granted by Madame X. to another of his confederates, a Munich jeweller, to copy the designs of some of her jewelry, ostensibly for the Empress of Germany.

The plan was then complete. A *valet-de-chambre*, in the employ of Sir Joshua, opened every day the jewel-case, which had been provided with a secret and invisible opening in the back of the case. It was only necessary to press a button and a secret spring opened the box.

In this way all the diamonds were removed one by one, their places being supplied by imitation stones, which were made with such imitable perfection by the Munich jeweller that they exactly resembled the genuine diamonds. Madame X. did not perceive any change, and the robbery was only discovered by chance. A few days ago one of her intimate friends, a lady who was going to London, borrowed from Madame X. a splendid solitaire.

"Take good care of it," said Madame X., as she gave it to her friend; "it would be worth fifteen hundred thousand francs if it did not have a little defect."

The lady wore the diamond at the Covent Garden Theatre, and while there one of the best known jewellers of London, Mr. B., was in her box.

She called his attention to the brilliant, saying what a pity it was that it had a defect.

Mr. B. examined it and could not detect any flaw.

He asked to be allowed to see it by daylight on the following day. He did so, and pronounced it an imitation diamond.

The English police were notified. Sir Joshua, fortunately, had been arrested two days before this in London, on suspicion of being concerned in the Bidwell forgery case. He was examined by Mr. Williamson, the chief of the detectives, about the diamond robbery. At first he denied all knowledge of the affair, but afterwards, thinking that the truth was known, he related all these interesting details, and gave the address of many of his accomplices.

The *Figaro* adds that the whole band was then in London, and probably all would be captured; that the friend of Madame X. had not dared to reveal her terrible loss to her, and that she would first learn it from the London police on the same day that it was published in the columns of the *Figaro*.

THE POOR RICH MAN.

Look at him! he is just getting out of his carriage. He steps with difficulty; his face is seamed with care; his coat is rusty—you would not know him in the street from any hard-working business man. Yet he owns whole streets full of houses and miles of unimproved property. He keeps an army of servants in his great house up town, and an army of clerks in his business houses down-town. He has neither chick nor child, and he lives on a bowl of gruel for his breakfast and the wing of a chicken for his dinner—he dare not eat supper. What does he get out of his money?

His house, it is true, cost him a hundred thousand dollars, but he occupies the smallest room, sits on the plainest chair, eats the simplest food, and sleeps the least of any one in it. While he was saving the money, he thought he was doing it for himself, and the thought stimulated him to save more. While he was building the house he thought he was building it for himself, and he consulted architects, and had plan after plan drawn out, until he believed that he had found one that was perfection.

But he knows now that it was a mistake all the way through; he did not save the money for himself for there is nothing that he wants of it now he has got it. He did not build the house for himself, for he cannot occupy it; it is simply a small hotel, which offers luxurious accommodation free, and a round sum for pocket money to a dozen male and female domestics, who enjoy it infinitely more than he does; who give him as much or as little as they choose of everything that he has, and who consider him only valuable as a money-bag, from which their supplies are drawn.

As a lad, how he envied the rich man! how he dreamed of what he would do when he became possessed of wealth! how greedily he looked at a fine house, at a handsome equipage, at the insignia of money, and social position!

And now he is rich, but he does not realize it; he thinks of nothing but the twinges of his rheumatism, the complainings or delinquencies of his tenants, or the "tricks" of his "rascally" servants. He does not really live in his house or ride in his carriage, for in the one he does little but sit and think upon the happy times when he was a poor boy at home upon the farm, and in the other wish, that by giving it, with his fine horses, to the manly young fellow whom it passes in the street, he could buy his health, activity and power of enjoyment.

It is not what a man has, but what he is, that makes him rich.

IN A DENTIST'S CHAIR.

If Spivens is to be believed, there was recently an extraordinary case of dental surgery in this city. He says that a friend of his wife visited a dentist on — street, for the purpose of having a tooth extracted. It was an eye-tooth. Spivens accompanied his friend for the purpose of favoring him with a little sympathy over the shoulder. It is so pleasant to witness the agony of a friend, and to advise him to bear it like a man.

The dentist seated his patient in a chair, lanced his gums, applied his forceps, and gave a vigorous pull. The tooth was wrenched from its socket, and came out easily enough, but the root hung fire. Either it was a very long root, or it stretched. In fact, the dentist had exhausted his reach, and the root was not yet entirely out.

Spivens ventured to inquire if the root was not unusually long; but that dentist was not going to admit that anything could happen that had not already occurred in his experience.

"Not at all," he replied. "I have often pulled teeth whose roots reached down to the hips."

He mounted a chair and took another pull. He thus succeeded in getting away with about a yard of the tooth, but the root continued to hang. At the same time the patient's leg, below the knee, was violently jerked up.

Spivens ventured to say that this was surely an unusual case.

"It is a little singular," replied the dentist; "but I once pulled a tooth whose roots reached down the man's knees."

Having thus extinguished his questioner, he tied his patient to the chair and straightened out his leg by putting it in splints. Then he took the forceps over his shoulder and walked away like a deck hand going up a bank with a bow line.

When he reached the parlor door, he braced himself against the jamb and laid back for a final pull.

The tooth popped out this time, but the dentist made the most noise when he reached the floor.

Spivens jumped forward and picked up the latter end of that tooth. The root had two prongs, and on the end of each prong was a toenail.

"That's what hurt you so," said Spivens, consoling his friend, whose screams had been somewhat annoying. "Never mind; it will be all the same a hundred years hence. Don't you think, doctor, that this is rather the most unusual case that ever happened in your practice?"

"I am inclined to believe that it is the most singular case of its class," replied that imperturbable dentist; "but I once extracted a tooth for one of the Siamese twins, the roots of which extended through the bodies of both, and at the end was a corresponding tooth from the mouth.

of the other. It was a good thing for Chang, for whom I pulled the tooth, but bad for Eng, whose tooth happened to be sound."

Spivens's friend had such a high respect for the dentist that he told him that he might keep the tooth for his pay.

Some incredulous people may accuse this story of being too thin; but they are mistaken—it is tooth out.

FAULT FINDING.

If there is a luxury in the world, it is fault finding! At any rate, we thus judge from the universality of the exercise. It is not only bread, but cake—at once a necessary and a luxury of life. It sometimes rises into a voluntary exercise, but generally it is a thing so thoroughly in-wrought into the mental constitution that a fish might as well attempt to swim without striking the water with its tail, or a bird to fly without beating the air with its wings, as for a person to speak of his fellow men without fault finding.

In general, fault finding may be divided into the Respectable and the Less Respectable. The Respectable is usually called *criticism*. The Less Respectable has a variety of subdivisions, such as rebuke, scolding, fretting, nagging, &c. Fault finding is, however, a quality which refuses to be compressed into any definition or to be confined to any limits; and, though it flows more copiously in some channels than in others, it is by no means wholly to be found there. It flashes from the eye, it rides on the curled lip, it is thrown off by the turn of the head, it is seen in the sudden elevation of the eyebrows. The hand is often lifted up in mute but striking emphasis in its behalf. It even suborns silence; there are few things so speaking as a skillful silence.

It may be supposed that, in the perfection of all things here below, there is never a lack of material for fault finding. But, in sooth, the cause of fault finding is to be looked for in the person who finds fault and not in external occasions. A sleepless night, a toothache, nervous exhaustion, reaction from convivial excitement, the irritation of mild sickness, a fit of indigestion—these are the predisposing causes of fault finding. There are moral causes also. Persons that are very nearly perfect usually employ their excellence as a lens through which to behold the magnified faults of others.

A little experience will show that, if one should put himself in another's place, or should consider charitably his difficulties and trials, or should make allowance for human limitation or weakness, it would make fault finding well nigh impossible. And it is for this reason that fault finding people do not allow themselves such liberties.

While fault finding is a generic trait, so that man might be defined as a fault finding animal, and woman as a fault finding angel, yet it is not left in its naturally diffused condition. It is organized and becomes official. In its official sphere, fault finding becomes a duty as well as a pleasure. The wife finds fault with the husband. Very soon after marriage there are certain directions in which his deficiencies appear, and paths are duly laid out up and down through all his weaknesses; and daily his affectionate spouse walks up and down therein, for her own exercise and for his, sowing the seeds of good advice, pruning, tying up, hoeing and raking with the utmost diligence.

But he is not the subject of compassion. Hath he not reprisals? Are there not on his part times and seasons? Doth he not set the woman's sins in order before her face? Sometimes it is regular discourse, sometimes impetuous outburst, sometimes quiet but sharp criticism, but always in the genuine spirit of criticism—that is, fault finding. But behold the royal quality in its glory! A fidgety mother with romping, headlong, healthy children, that don't care a fly for anything short of a general whipping! From the time of rising to the time of sleep, something is always the matter. The pockets, the sleeves, the hair, the shoes, the boisterous laugh, the rude shove, the loud step, the sly pinch, the spite, the roguery, the selfishness, the giggle, the suppressed laughter exploding like a bomb, or rather like the bursting of a water-pipe, the too quick and the too slow, the awkwardness, the clumsy grinding against the polished furniture, the endless questions, the wantings to go somewhere, or to have somebody come here—oh, what a God-send children are to people who have a genius for fault finding—that is, for all mortal creatures? There are so many maternal safety valves.

HAVE heard a good many things of Worth—the Worth, of Paris. This one, though said to have been first listened to when "puffs" came in, comes to us now in this new dress. The "puff" is said to have routed sleep from the couch of oft-recorded Worth, who labored day and night at its invention. When this truly great man is composing he reclines on a sofa, and one of the young ladies of the establishment plays Verdi to him; he composes chiefly in the evening, and says that the rays of the setting sun gild his conceptions. Like every great genius, he is very modest, and thinks "the very weakest tea" of himself. Last week he told the Duchess de—— that he could give her a dress but he could not supply style!

SONNET.

Hence, sombre Thought that darest thus intrude
In every place and season, sun or shade,
Making e'en joy of its own laugh afraid,
Tingeing with thy chill dread its wildest mood!
Hence to thy home, if haply thou hast one,
Compact of darkness, echoing sobs and sighs!
What wouldst thou here beneath the Summer
skies?
The rosy-footed hours are scarce begun,
And yet the fiery rays have ceased to scorch—
They fade away above the Western hill,
And panting earth reposes, rapturous still
With warmth and light. Thou of th' inverted
torch,
Hence! And when Dian climbs the cloudy
steep,
Send, with his snake-twined wand, thy brother,
Sleep.

THE CAPTAIN'S "DAWG."

I had nothing to do with my own manufacture, so surely I am not to blame for a strange tendency that my legs have to appear as if moulded by nature to fit the outside of a horse. Coarse people would say they were bow legs; but let them be what they may, I believe it is entirely owing to the shape of those legs that Captain Bowker's dog always made a dead set at me.

It was hard, certainly; for in our quiet little genteel village, inhabited by people of small income, and of that peculiar faith which believes old age the meridian of life, has credence in tea, and treats rubbers at whilst as the height of orthodoxy, I was, I am certain, the most peaceful and inoffensive of men.

Oak Lodge had been empty for two years, and we had all wondered who was to be the new tenant time after time; when all at once, when we had handed it over to damp and rats, Captain Bowker hired it, and took possession.

Captain Bowker had a dog.

It is about that dog I write; for the number of van-loads of furniture, the extent of the Captain's income, even his age—matters all thoroughly discussed at our evening meetings—were forgotten by me in the contemplation of that dog.

The Captain had named his pet Burke—whether after the sublime and beautiful, or after the renowned and gifted being who lives in waxwork, and earned his fame by an ingenious usage of the pitch of Burgundy, carefully spread upon sheets of leather, and treated as plaisters, I never knew; but he would have been in as pleasant odour in our village if called by any other name. Time after time have I seen him hanging viciously on to the skirts of some poor old woman, and looked up and down the road in the hope that a passing vehicle would distract his attention to the extent of setting him at his favorite pursuit of nibbling the horse's heels; thus freeing his victim, and affording a prospect—faint, certainly, but possible—that he might be trampled to death.

A wretch! Our dislike was, of course, mutual; and I have often thought, when the brute came barking and snarling at me, how satisfactory it would have been, could I have performed the celebrated American feat, and, thrusting my hand and arm down his gaping throat, have seized him by the tail, turned him inside out, and left him helpless on the road.

I never saw that trick performed, and question my own dexterity; but the plan is American, and, of course, true.

I did not want to hate that dog; but though I fought against the feeling, I found myself at last compelled to look upon him with a virulence of feeling that would have made me Lucrezia Borgia-ize him with the first drug that came to hand.

Yes, I could have poisoned that dog, and felt all the while that I was performing a meritorious action. No doubt he had good qualities—every dog must be so constituted—but if so, they were latent or hidden away, for no outsider could discover a germ. As for the Captain, who knew him well, he said he was a wonderful dog; and a great affection between them was the result—an affection displayed by the master in kicks and language of the most unparliamentary character, and by the dog in displays of his snowy fangs and sundry grabs.

"Bites, sir?" said the Captain, as proudly, as if speaking of wounds received in action during his old campaigns. "Bites, sir? Yes, sir, scores of them. I never kick that dog in my boots, without his biting me. Slippers he don't mind. Look here!"

As he spoke, the Captain bestowed a sharp kick in the ribs of the reclining Burke, to which the latter responded by fastening his fangs in the offending Wellington.

"There's pluck, sir—there's courage," said the Captain. "If I'd fifty men with that noble animal's courage, I'd have taken the Redan at the first assault. I never saw so much sterling pluck condensed in so small a compass. I train him to it, sir; so that he forms quite a garrison in himself. Now, look here, sir."

I was visiting the Captain, and I followed him into the room which he called his study—a retreat whose books consisted of old Army Lists and Sporting Gazettes; while scientific instruments were represented by swords, pistols, sticks, foils, and various ancient pieces of rustiness, whose original purpose was the slashing or boring of the human form divine.

But these minor affairs were eclipsed by a

strange object suspended from the ceiling. Upon my first entry I started, for I could have declared that a ragged Irishman had been seized with a suicidal mania, and, ceasing to fardels bear, had given one—himself—to a piece of rope. However, a second look showed me that the pensile object was merely a dummy, consisting of a pair of old trousers and a great coat, stuffed out so as to bear some resemblance to a man. A mask of the fourpenny Guy Fawkes type supplied the face, and the whole was crowned by the most dilapidated hat I ever saw.

For the moment, I was puzzled; but the purpose of the "mawkin" was soon betrayed by Captain exclaiming—

"Now boy! Good dawg, then! At him, Burke!"

Burke did "at him," for the wretch made but one bound to reach the dummy; and then, apparently altering his mind, he couched and laid his head upon his paws.

"Get up, you scoundrel!" roared the Captain, kicking the adjoined beast; and with the regular result, a seizure of his boot.

"Doesn't that hurt?" I asked.

"Nips my gouty toe a bit; but it doesn't matter so long as he doesn't go through the leather. That's roused him, though. Good dawg, then!"

And now I learned the result of training, and how it was that Burke had become the dread of the whole village; for, leaping up he seized the figure by its ragged coat, and swung to and fro, shaking it fiercely; the Captain, meanwhile, in ecstasies, rubbing his hands, and cheering the dog, until the cloth gave way, and Burke came to the ground with a piece in his mouth, which piece he proceeded to tear methodically to pieces, resisting all attempts to make him renew his attack.

"There, sir," said the Captain—"that's teaching a dog to be sharp upon a humane principle. Entirely my own idea."

I soon after took my leave, thinking of what an acquisition the Captain would have been to a slave plantation in the good old times, if only as a trainer of the Cuban hound.

Perhaps it was from a desire to preserve the tail of my coat intact that I walked backward to the gate of Oak Lodge; for Burke was close behind, sniffing strangely, and evidently on the watch for a chance to pin me in some vulnerable spot.

"He won't hurt you," shouted the Captain, as he closed the door; but I was not reassured by his words. I never am, by that expression; for I never knew a person yet who would own to the foibles of his own dog.

However, I disappointed Burke by keeping an armed front prepared for his charge—presenting my umbrella ferule, and only breathing freely when I had passed the gate.

But, with all his vices, Burke was no hero amongst his brethren, for he would flee ignominiously from the smallest cur that ever breathed; while as to cats, the most playful kitten would act upon his haughty tail like a meddling finger upon a sensitive plant—making it droop and shrivel almost out of sight. He had no antipathy, though, to birds; and endless were the complaints concerning his onslaughts upon ducks and chickens, whose heads he devoured—urged thereto by some strange epicurean taste—leaving the bodies in the dust.

As to the ducks, he would dart into the water, and swim after them until he had regularly hunted them down; while fowls he captured by a side bound, which took effect when they were off their guard.

The Captain vowed that it was all stuff—that his dog was too well fed at home to steal; and it was not until summoned to the County Court that he would compromise the matter, and pay the loss sustained by Widow Woods, who sold eggs, and who had lost through Burke a favorite hen, which she always spoke of to her neighbors as her "best Brahmin."

Kicking and biting must have been rife between master and dog; for, in spite of his generally villainous aspect, Burke wore at our next meeting a more hangdog look than ever. He looked more untrustworthy and thievish, and there was a something in his eye which seemed to say, "Ah, you think I'm a rogue, so I may as well deserve it." All the same, he was a dog of such an excellent understanding, that he could not brook ill names. I believe conscientiously that he would sooner have received a kick than an ill name. Look him in the face, and call him an ill-looking thief, or a mongrel hound, and he would snarl, gnash his teeth, and growl at you with wrath.

I believe that you might have driven that dog mad by stoning him with hard words. He bit the butcher savagely for calling him a beast, and, on the *experientia docet* principle, I never ventured to throw a dirty word at him till I was beyond his reach.

If you wished to annoy Burke, the best way was to screen yourself behind a breastwork of fence, and then, looking down upon the grinning cur, taunt him with his misdeeds. He had offended me more seriously than usual one day, so I treated him as above—laughing, when I did not feel alarmed, at his frantic efforts to scale my stronghold, till in his blind fury, he gave up leaping, and began to mine, soon making a hole beneath the fence sufficiently large to admit his nose, when I persuaded him to desist with my umbrella point. This had the effect of making him beat a retreat—a movement which afforded me the most intense satisfaction, for I had been considering whether such a step was not a bounden duty on the writer's part.

It might have been thought that, with such a hatred of ill names, Burke would have loved those of softer sound. But no, it was not so. Call him "Good dog," and he would show his teeth; "Burke, old boy," and he would snap them, after aiming at your leg. He was a misanthrope, in the broadest sense of the term. I used, at one time, to think his bad habits were produced by hard usage; but, at a later period, I found out it was his nature, and that the proper way to caress him was with gentle endearments from the end of a good thick stick.

All heroes have had failings. The bravest of men have had one vulnerable spot where the fiend cowardice could find an entrance. Why, then should it be expected to find a dog free from the failing? I found Burke out one day when taking a walk.

I was returning leisurely—having looked at my watch, and decided that, making allowance for my housekeeper, Mrs. Stokes's Dutch clock being always half an hour too fast, by walking leisurely home, I should arrive just at the time when the fowl had reached its proper state of brownness. Perhaps other musings were in my mind. If so, they were driven away by a sudden cry of distress, and, hurrying forward, I beheld my old neighbor, Mrs. Fogrum, in the jaws of the monster. In other words, that dog had fast hold of the bottom of Mrs. Fogrum's dress, and was dragging in one direction, while the good lady was crying out lustily, pulling the opposite way, and making feeble demonstrations at the brute's head by dabbing at it with the doubling-up handle of her old-fashioned parasol.

Here was an opportunity for displaying the chivalry of my nature—beauty in distress. Well, no; not beauty, but respectability, and weakness, and elderlyness—I will not say age. But I was unarmed!

We all know how St. George, and St. Andrew, and others of the Seven Champions, who went about like travelling ironmongers, with their stock-in-trade upon their shoulders, did doughty deeds of valour in aid of the gentler sex; but, then, see how they were cased in mail—how lobster-like they were, from an offensive and defensive point of view; whilst I was merely covered with shepherd's plaid, and had, for offensive weapon, nothing but a small penknife troubled with a spinal complaint, which caused it to open and shut at unexpected times from very weakness.

What was I to do? There was Mrs. Fogrum crying for aid, perspiring with a profuseness that affected her front, and the gathers of her dress were parting rapidly from her bodice. [This is correct, O male! I had the terms revised by a lady.] The sight was too much for me; and determining to do or die, I rushed forward—very nervously, though—and determined to jump over the low wall, and to pull Mrs. Fogrum after me.

Just then I saw in the roadway a half brick that had evidently fallen from a cart. It was a weapon not to be despised, and running to it, I stooped to secure the prize, and hurl it at the offending breast.

As he saw me advance, Burke began to back, growling defiance as he performed a strategic movement, which consisted in sticking tenaciously to his prey, and trying to drag her away with him.

Seizing the right moment, I darted at and secured the brickbat, and the next stride or two would have seen me over the wall of safety, taking aim at Captain Bowker's dog; but, to my intense astonishment, no sooner did I stoop, than Burke yelled furiously as he quitted his hold, struck his colors—I mean his tail—and tore away as hard as he could go, the following brickbat—which I levelled with all my might, but which missed him, of course—adding speed to the wretch's flight.

I pass over Mrs. Fogrum's gratitude, and the pins she busily stuck in her dress to hold up the gathers—a supply of the tiny, pointed necessities being obtained from a little cushion, shaped like a heart, and carried somewhere in cavernous recesses reached by plunging her arm down amongst the folds of her dress, nearly up to the shoulder. Her gratitude was profuse; but I shrank from it with a Wellerian sense of danger at hand. I shuddered lest she should take to sending me pots of jelly, or pots of jam; for I believe in my "Pickwick," and the aphorisms of the stout old coachman; for, behold, Mrs. Fogrum was a widow.

How I rejoiced, when safely at home, over the discovered weakness of the creature Burke! Why, I went out again that very afternoon, before digestion had thoroughly set in, on purpose to attack the wretch, picking up sundry stones by the way, and carrying them in my pocket, lest we might encounter where stones were scarce. And, besides, I knew that in mine enemy's presence I could go through the form of taking a stone from my pocket, dropping it, and picking it up again.

The afternoon was warm, and the stones so heavy, that at times I trembled for my own gathers, and thought with envy of Mrs. Fogrum's pins, as, passing her abode, I chanced to look up, and saw her waving me a salute.

But where was Burke? If I had not wanted him for experimental purposes, that dog fiend would have been visible here, there and everywhere; but as if divining the talisman—men, I should say—which I carried about me, the wretch would not show.

I visited all his favorite haunts. I walked past the butcher's, where the joints were all hung out of his reach, on account of past depredations—Flaire, the butcher, "not making a bother, sir; because, you see, the captain is a

customer." But there was no Burke sniffing about, and licking his glistening ivory fangs.

I went round by the pond; but the cocks and hens pecked in peace, while the snow-white ducks preened their feathers, or made long, dark lanes as they swam across the billiard-table-like surface covered with weed.

Phew! how hot it was. I dropped a stone and felt lighter by a couple of pounds of rough granite. Five minutes after I dropped another, as I continued my walk; for the pieces banged against my legs with their sharpest angles, and made them sore.

I tried the lane by the captain's house. No Burke! The common, where there were donkeys with heels to bite, and small pigs, evidently formed expressly by nature for a dog to hunt; but no Burke. I walked farther, to where Mrs. Pringle's gray geese stretched their necks, and clanged; but there was no Burke in difficulties with the gander. A coward! I felt at last so sure that he would not show himself, that, one by one, I dropped three more stones; and then, in spite of failing to test the dog's weakness, I felt quite elate as I walked homeward, and, taking the last stone from my pocket, I cast it away—just as Burke turned a corner, and came at me full tilt.

For a moment or two I was paralyzed, and could not stir; while, savage and open-mouthed the brute came at me. But my presence of mind returned; and backing quickly as he came on, I stood, just in time, behind the lump of granite I had let fall. Then, just as the brute made a rush to leap upon me, I stooped, and seized the stone.

"Chy—like, chy—like, yelp, yelp, yelp!" Burke turned and fled—fled so sharply, that his legs slipped from under him, and he fell heavily upon his side; but only to leap up again, and run as if for his life, nose to the ground, ears flying, and his tail tucked close in between his legs.

As for me, I was too wise to send after him my ammunition, holding it lightly in my hand as I smiled in triumph over my conquest.

Burke has lost his prestige; for there is not a man, woman, or child in the village that fears him now in the least—for I lost no time in making his weak point known. It has become a favorite pastime with the boys to pretend to pick up stones whenever Burke comes in sight, and to launch them at their late tyrant; while of late he has become so crestfallen and cowardly, that he hardly shows at all, since the tiniest child stooping to pick up a stone can put him to flight.

He stays now at the Lodge, and seems to be trying with his master who can the sooner grow fat; and I feel sure that, before long, there will be rejoicings in our village, for the news must come that our canine enemy has expired from a fit of apoplexy.

SNUBBING CHILDREN.

Few people consider the irreparable injury which is inflicted on children by incessantly snubbing them. Some parents make it a matter of conscience to be constantly impressing it upon their children that they are exceedingly plain-looking, that they may thus nip in the bud any feelings of vanity, which might exist. With most children this is quite unnecessary. If a child is disposed to consider herself a beauty, she is not apt to be diverted from the idea by any remarks of this kind; but to one who is naturally shy and sensitive and uncertain about herself, such remarks have an exceedingly injurious effect, rendering her shrinking nature more timid, and engendering a distrust of herself, which will haunt her through future years.

The writer once knew a little girl, who had so thoroughly imbibed the idea from her mother and older sisters, that she was extremely plain-looking, that she came to regard it as a settled fact that she was a fright. It was all in vain that her glass reflected the image of a pretty little rosy-cheeked child, with bright blue eyes and golden curls. She looked at the reflection through the ideas conveyed by her older relatives, and considered it hideous. In their thoughtlessness, and virtuous desire to preserve her from the sin of vanity, they had so frequently called the round face "a full moon," the bright eyes "green," the golden hair "red," and the chubby child-like figure "elephantine," that the little one took her supposed deformities as a matter of fact, and pined and worried over them in secret, supposing herself a sort of monstrosity, and seeking to hide from the eyes of strangers.

We do not believe in fostering children's vanity, by telling them they are beauties; by no means; it is well to say as little as possible about their looks, but never allow them to suppose that they are unusually plain. In this way they will be likely to think but little of the matter themselves.

Some unfortunate children are constantly having it impressed upon them that they are awkward. We would say to parents and guardians that, whether it is true or not, they are taking the very surest way to prevent their little ones from ever becoming graceful. Let it be continually poured into a child's ear that he is awkward or stupid, and he will very soon accept it as a settled fact, and put forth no effort to become otherwise. There is something discouraging to all of us, grown people as well as children, in the feeling that we are behind others in anything. If a child is awkward, his motions and actions may be watched, unnoticed by himself, and corrected judiciously, with a few words of encouragement, and the obnoxious

ways will disappear before the child is really aware that he possesses them. To be told that we are more awkward, or more stupid, or more generally unattractive than our neighbors, does not create in us a spirit of emulation, which leads us to overcome our failings; but rather fosters a spirit of obstinate and dogged resistance, which leads us to settle down in a gloomy state of quiescence, without an effort to improve.

In many families, there is a perceptible difference made by the parents in their treatment of the several children. One may be a favorite; or another, owing perhaps to the absence of personal charms, to a less winning disposition, the want of attractive manners, or to some other reason, is the object of more frequent rebuke, punishment, or even sneers, than are the other members of the same family. Few parents are aware that they show or feel any difference towards their children, and would stoutly deny it, if accused of it; but, in most families, a stranger can readily tell which is the favored one, and which the scape-goat. This does not escape the keen, observing eye of the little one, although it frequently happens that no visible notice is taken of it; yet it is, nevertheless, seen and felt by the child-victim; and the little heart, too proud to betray its feelings, broods over it in silence, and looks back upon it, with bitterness, in after-years, realizing more fully and understandingly the injustice which was so keenly felt in the days of childhood.

In some families, it is customary to give the eldest daughter the rule over the younger children. In some rare instances, this may do very well; but there are very few young girls who can be trusted with the entire control of little children, without domineering; and this will create a bitterness and hatred towards the older one, which time will seldom wholly obliterate; and will foster, in the other, an unamiable and tyrannical spirit. A mother loves her children; and, in a spirit of love, she can exact obedience from them. Sometimes we see a sister's love pure, unselfish, and almost maternal in its absorbing earnestness, ready to forget self, in its perfect devotion to the little ones clinging so lovingly about her. This sight is truly beautiful—and, when we meet it, we bow reverently and acknowledge its sacredness; but, alas! this is the exception, and we contend that it is a rash experiment for a mother to delegate her authority to a girl who has not yet reached maturity, with her quick impulses, lack of experience, and, frequently, untrained temper.

Parents cannot be too particular about showing partiality towards any of their children, to the exclusion of others. Let the child's home be the place where she can come for sympathy in all her trials; do not dwell upon her weak points, but rather bring to light her attractions; let her feel that, if others slight her, she may find admiration, appreciation and love, at home. If the child evinces a disposition to talk, do not constantly snub her, replying the well-worn adage, "Children should be seen, and not heard;" but encourage her by listening to her opinion, as if it were of some consequence.

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

PUNCTUATION was first used in literature in the year 1520. Before that timewordsandsentenceswereputtogetherlikethis.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Medical Times and Gazette* recommends, as a protection against the sun in tropical climates, an ordinary alpacas umbrella, covered on the outside with white calico. He says that the "solar hats" sold in London and elsewhere are a delusion, and are mere expensive shams.

In a great bog near Omagh nearly the whole skin of a man has been discovered. The continued action of the peat has completely tanned it. No bones have been found, but the hands are attached with the finger nails. It is stated that the remains have probably been for more than a hundred years in the bog.

THERE is a movement on foot in Paris to do away with the wearing of gloves. It is argued that as a small hand, like a small foot, is generally the sign of aristocratic descent, there is no reason why it should be concealed within a vulgar intertongue where the fingers of the Faubourg are on equal terms with the horny ones of Belleville and Montmartre.

AN English lady has just accomplished a feat. Having a son suffering from consumption, she decided to take him to Janja, in Peru. She started from England, crossed the Straits of Magellan, went from Lima over the Andes on muleback, stayed at Janja—anciently Xauxa—some months, and has now returned, partly by mule, partly on men's shoulders, and from Surco by rail, safe and sound to Lima. Janja is said to be the finest place in the world for consumption.

A GENTLEMAN of "elegant leisure," and a bachelor at that, has been amusing himself with matrimonial statistics, and out of two hundred marriages published in New England Journals last week, only two of the ladies had old-fashioned names, such as Mary and Susan. All the others were Mollies, Dollies, Pollies, Libbies, Tibbies, Biddies, Hatties, Patties, Matties, Lizzies, and so on. He says if he can hear of some girl with a familiar "Christian name," he shall "start for her."

A CURIOUS piece of statistics has just been published. It is that of the number of letters which arrived daily at the Elysée addressed to the President of the French Republic. The total is about 700, and may be thus divided: Applications for assistance, 250; petitions having

a political object, 150; others against some prejudice suffered, 100; complaints against functionaries, 100; abuse, 80; menaces of death, 20. The insults are of the most vulgar kind. Many are signed "A Radical Republican," or "An ex-Federate."

THERE was lately sold by auction by the manager of a Paris theatre the following meteorological paraphernalia, amply sufficient to set the clerk of the weather up in business—viz., a dozen and a half black-bordered clouds in good condition, a brand-new rainbow, an excellent snowstorm, consisting of flakes of fine paper, and two other snowstorms of inferior quality, three bottles of lightning powder, a setting sun of great value, a new moon, and also a perfectly new thunder. There were, besides, a sea consisting of twelve big waves, the tenth of which is rather bigger than the rest and a little damaged, an elephant, a crocodile, three dragons, and several phials of alcohol suitable for apparitions and for producing blue flames.

SNEEZING.—The custom of invoking a blessing upon persons who sneeze is, says Dr. Seguin, in a recent article on sneezing, a most interesting one. Several old medical authors state that the custom dates back from the time of a severe epidemic (in which sneezing was a bad sign) during the pontificate of Gregory the Great. Brand, however, and the author of an article in "Rees's Cyclopaedia," states that the phrase "God bless you," as addressed to persons having sneezed, is much more ancient, being old in the days of Aristotle. The Greeks appear to have traced it back to the mythical days of Prometheus, who is reported to have blessed his man of clay when he sneezed. In Brand the rabbinical account is given, that the phrase originated in the alleged fact that it was only through Jacob's struggle with the angel that sneezing ceased to be an act fatal to man. In many countries, sneezing has been the subject of congratulations and of hopeful augury. In Mesopotamia and some African towns, the populace is reported to have shouted when their monarchs sneezed. Sometimes, moreover, it is very important not to sneeze; and Dr. Seguin has discovered what had been discovered before, but is insufficiently known, that sneezing may be prevented by forcibly rubbing the skin below and on either side of the nose. And on this observation of himself, and of Marshall Hall, Diday, and the world generally before them, he bases an exceedingly interesting study of the physiology of sneezing in health and disease.

FAMILY MATTERS.

HOUSEHOLD BEER.—Two gallons water, 2 lb. treacle, 1 oz. hops, 1 oz. linseed, 1 oz. ginger, boiled all together for two hours; add ½ lb. of yeast when nearly cold.

SPICE FRUIT.—6 lb. of fruit (plums, cherries or peaches), 3 lb. of sugar, one pint best vinegar, and spice to suit (nutmegs, allspice, or cloves); boil altogether for fifteen minutes, then put up tight in cans or jars. This is delicious to eat with meat either hot or cold.

BAKED EGG PLANT.—Wash the vegetables clean, and bake in the oven as you would potatoes. Remove the skins while hot, mash to a paste, and season with butter, pepper and salt. A raw onion chopped fine and a small pepper, are considered great additions to this dish.

GERMAN GRUTZ.—Boil two pounds of fruit in a quart of water, and when tender pass it through a sieve. Then boil and sweeten it with white sugar. Add half a pound of sago, well soaked in cold water, stirring the whole over the fire, until the sago is dissolved. Pour it into a mould. When cold turn it out, and serve with cream or custard.

TO PRESERVE STRAWBERRIES.—Take equal weights of the fruit and loaf sugar; lay the strawberries in a large dish, and sprinkle half the sugar in fine powder over; shake the dish that the sugar may touch the under side of the fruit. Next day make a thin syrup of the remainder of the sugar, and instead of water allow one pint of red currant juice to every pound of strawberries; in this simmer them until sufficient jellied. They eat well served in cream in glasses.

DRIED OR KIPPERED SALMON.—Gut, cleanse, and scale a large salmon, but do not wash it; divide it, and remove the backbone; mix salt, sugar and a little saltpetre together, and rub the fish all over with the mixture; let it remain thus covered for forty-eight hours, tightly pressed between two pieces of board; then open the fish, stretch it out flat, and keep it extended by means of thin laths of wood secured across the back; hang the salmon from the kitchen ceiling to dry, or, if preferred, in the chimney of a wood fire. To be dressed, the slices should be cut slanting, and broiled over a clear fire.

GINGER BEER.—Five pounds of loaf sugar, three ounces of powdered ginger, three gallons of water, five lemons, a quarter of a teacupful of yeast, and a slice of toasted bread. Boil the sugar and ginger in three gallons of water for one hour. When it is cold, add the juice and peel of the five lemons, and the teacupful of yeast on the toasted bread. Let it stand in a tub covered with a thick cloth for two or three days; then strain it through a thick cloth, and bottle it. It will be ready to drink in four or five days after it is bottled. If it is wished to be very strong of ginger, more may be added.

TO MAKE ICE-CREAM.—Take two quarts of new milk, put in a tin pail, and set in a kettle of boiling water. Add 12 heaping tablespoonfuls

of white sugar; beat yolks of ten eggs and whites of seven, and stir in the boiling milk for five minutes; then take off, strain and cool. Flavor with anything that suits the taste. This makes a plain and nutritious ice-cream, and if slowly eaten, is as innocent as nine-tenths of the food we eat. To make a rich cream use the same number of eggs, and one quart of milk and one of cream, or two quarts of rich milk and 14 yolks and 7 whites. Sugar and flavor the same.

GOLDEN GRAINS.

FILIAL PIETY.—There is no greater human excellence than filial piety, and no better assurance of success in life than honor to the father and mother.

PROPENSITIES.—Whenever an indulgent propensity becomes a passion, and the will is enslaved by blind impulse, the question of insanity is only one of time.

KEEP THE END IN VIEW.—It is of the first importance in undertaking any enterprise to form a correct idea of the end to be accomplished. Every occupation in life has some distinct purpose, and only as it is thoroughly kept in view can the efforts put forth prove successful.

HAPPINESS AND VIRTUE.—Not happiness alone, not even virtue alone, is the chief end for man, but rather a condition that springs from both combined. Each in its highest form includes the other, and they are as inseparable as is the sun from the light with which he blesses the world.

THE WORRIES OF LIFE.—The great worries of life are the so-called "little things" which are from day to day left unadjusted, till they fasten their victim like a net. The men who die of "overwork" are not so much destroyed by their great and useful labors as by the vexatious trifles which accumulate till they produce a condition of chronic fever and unrest.

"IS IT RIGHT?"—So long as any person seriously asks this question of himself in regard to all his acts the danger of any great departure from the path of rectitude must be small, and we wish that a system of education might be devised and adopted in this country, which might make it as common and controlling among our people in after-years as it now appears to be in youth.

HUMOROUS SCRAPS.

CHOLERA NOTE.—A Memphis man insisted on having new cabbage for supper the other night, and cooked it himself, while his wife talked about the prevailing disease. Three hours after she was wondering whether she should wear black cashmere or bombazine for second mourning.

A DANBURY man thought it would be pleasant to have his wife make wax flowers. He said there were things to cultivate besides the body, and what we live for was not bread alone, and so he got her some moulds and a couple hundred sheets of wax, and she went to work. After a while he commenced to find some difficulty in drawing on his clothes, and experienced a mild sort of vexatious trouble in getting a comb through his hair. He didn't mind this so much, but when he walked around, stocking feet, and couldn't pull his boots on, and drew a chair into the air when he started to rise from it, he lost his interest in art, and kicked the entire wax establishment into the street.

ROFF, who keeps the news stand in the post-office building, turns many an honest penny with a root-beer fountain. The fountain has two escapes, and at each of these he keeps a glass standing to catch the dripping. He noticed, recently, that a couple of elderly men, who lounged in the post-office in the evening, drained these glasses as soon as they were partly filled. Great and mighty results frequently grow out of slight causes. When Roff detected them an idea struck him. Before setting the glasses the next time, he dropped a teaspoonful of catarrh snuff in each one. It was a new kind of snuff, and Roff was glad of the opportunity to test it. He wasn't confident these men had the catarrh, but that was really no business of his (it wasn't anything he could help) and, besides, science must be attended to, so he entered upon the experiment with all the hopefulness and expectation of a young and ardent nature. About eight o'clock the old buffers came around, and having listlessly examined the periodicals, watched the opportunity which Roff was quivering to give them, and raised the glasses hurriedly to their lips, and as hurriedly absorbed the contents. Then they lounged about two minutes. At the expiration of that time, one of twain commenced to look surprised. The other man also looked as if he had received unexpected intelligence. Then their faces simultaneously appeared gripped, and the first man remarked, "Oh! oh!" and struck for the wall. Whereupon the second man made a similar statement, and also started for the same destination. Roff hurried after them. He didn't go out on the walk where they were, because they didn't appear to want to engage in any business, and Roff had just put on a clean linen suit. So he stayed on the step, and watched those aged people as they swayed on the curb, and bombarded the gutter with root beer, and catarrh snuff, and pieces of liver, and such things as were handy at the time. He hasn't seen them since. He regrets this as he wants to get their certificate to pay in a circular.—*Danbury News.*

OUR PUZZLER.

27. CHARADE.

Behold my first before the altar bending,
While from her soul the fervent prayer's ascending
Asks for the loved one blessing from above,
But for herself asks only for his love.

My second is both dark, and still, and deep;
It lies where murmuring waters idly sleep.
Its name is written on the sacred page,
And linked with tales of love, of youth, and age.

My whole to many a heart hath struck despair,
For joy or freedom may not enter there;
And none can say the depth of woe unfold,
Of those who writhe beneath its fetters cold.

28. CROSS PUZZLE.

A lake in Scotland; reserved; an English dramatic writer; a town in England; a distinguished musical composer; a town in France; a Dutch dramatic poet; a female name; a river in Spain.

29. LOGOGRIPH.

Me no brave soldier ought to know
Upon the battle field;
But with stern courage face the foe,
And never think to yield.

Transposed you often pay me down
When travelling anywhere.
Transposed again, a Latin noun
Doth to your view appear.

Behead this last, there will remain
A space of time, I ween;
Transposed, a verb; transposed again,
A useful organ's seen.

30. ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

The largest square possible is described within a circle whose diameter is equal to the longest straight line that can be drawn within a house whose length, breadth, and depth are 25, 35, and 40 feet respectively. What will be the cost of glazing one side of the square, at 5s. per square foot?

J. T. COWIN.

31. CHARADE.

If you should give, that's if you can,
The name that is my first,
'Twill be a certain fruit you know—
Not, certainly, the worst.
If you another fruit should seek,
And add its name thereto,
'Twill be my second, as you'll see,
As surely known to you.
If you the both unite, with them
Another yet you find.
Most singular, three fruits in one
Thus perfectly combined.

32. SQUARE WORDS.

1. An Austrian town; class; mad; a river of Italy; a tragedy.
2. A province of Italy; a brotherhood; a famous enchantress; birds; a bird's home.
3. A city of Guzerat; to bind; rivulets; a range of mountains; a tress (transposed).

32. CHARADE.

My first's a simple element;
My second is a game;
My whole, a foreign field which bears
Undying British fame.

34. HIDDEN TOWNS.

1. Bring the card, if Fred comes. 2. They have a new bolt on the door. 3. Your bridge is not the best; our bridge is the best in the city. 4. Shall you pay Robert? 5. Is that water for Dan's mother?

ANSWERS.

5. DIAMOND PUZZLE.—

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6. PUZZLE LOVE-LETTER.—

Once more I take my pen in hand,
To show my love to you, my dear;
Because I promised when we parted—
Leaving me all broken hearted—
That when you had gone across the sea,
I would not forget to write to ye.
When will you come home to Molly, your treasure?
'Tis a long while you're absent. 'Twould fill me with pleasure
Could I once more but see your dear face, my boy—
'Twould make me too happy, I would be dying of joy.
7. ENIGMATICAL REBUS.—Live, evil, vile, lie, Eli, Lie, I.

THE JUSTICE OF THE KING.

Some six hundred years ago, that gallant gentleman and wise prince, Edward I., set out for the conquest of the Holy Land, accompanied by his Queen. Among the many knights who followed the valiant king was one named Sir Francis D'Essai, an admirer of the beautiful Eva Clare, a young lady attendant upon the Queen. The fair maid did not reciprocate his attentions, but bestowed her smiles upon Sir Henry Courtenay, a young knight distinguished for his valor and judgment. D'Essai, jealous and mad with rage, determined to possess the young lady at all hazards. As Queen Eleanor and Eva, with an escort commanded by D'Essai, were proceeding on a pilgrimage to the Jordan, a band of his satellites, dressed as Arabs, suddenly attacked them, and carried off the maid to the castle of Old Man of the Mountain, where D'Essai shortly repaired. Soon Sir Henry Courtenay heard of the outrage, and comprehended the plot. He rescued his lady-love, took the false knight prisoner, and had him conveyed to Arca for the punishment he so richly deserved at the hands of his brother knights. The particulars of the awful ceremony of degradation are thus recorded:

The great Church of Arca was thrown open, and knights in brilliant armor, and Templars and Hospitaliers in the habiliments of their orders, bishops and priests in their sacred robes, and vassals in their holiday array, crowded up the long aisles and filled the spacious church, as though eager to witness some splendid ceremonial. But, instead of gorgeous decorations, wainscot windows, draped with black, diffused a funeral gloom, and the solemn reverberation of the tolling bell seemed to sound a requiem over the grave of Hope.

Sir Francis D'Essai had been tried in a council of his peers and found guilty of treason to religion and knightly devoir; and this day, the anniversary of his admission to the rank of knighthood, his companions in arms, the vassals whom he despised, and all those actuated by curiosity or enmity, were assembled to witness his degradation. Eva shuddered at the fate of her former lover, and De Courtenay, with instinctive delicacy, had obtained permission to absent himself from the scene on a visit to the Holy Sepulchre. As king-at-arms and first in rank, it was the duty of King Edward to preside over this fearful ceremony, which, by the true and loyal, was regarded as more terrible than death itself.

At the first stroke of the great bell, the pursuivants, having robed Sir Francis for the last time in his knightly habiliments, conducted him from the "Cursed Tower" towards the church. As they entered the door, the doleful peal sank in silence, and, after one awful moment, his fellow-knights, with broken voices, began to chant the burial service.

An elevated stage, hung with black, had been erected in the centre of the nave, and upon this the pursuivants, whose business it was to divest him of every outward insignia of courage and truth, placed the culprit in full view of all the vast concourse.

When the chanting ceased, King Edward spoke in a voice that thrilled to every heart: "Sir Francis D'Essai! thou who didst receive the sword of knighthood from the hand of the good St. Louis, dost stand before us this day attaint of treason to thy God, thy truth, and the lady of thy love. Wherefore thy peers have willed that the order of knighthood, by which thou hast received all the honor and worship upon thy body, be brought to naught, and thy state be undone, and thou be driven forth outcast and dishonored, according to thy base deserts." Instantly the brazen tongue from the belfry ratified the fiat, and announced the hour of doom.

At the word, the squire with trembling hand removed the helmet, the defence of disloyal eyes, revealing the pale and haggard countenance of the recreant knight, and the choir resumed the mournful dirge. Then each pursuivant advanced in his order to the performance of his unwelcome duty. One by one the knightly trappings of D'Essai were torn from his body, and as cuirass, greaves, brassards, and gauntlets rang upon the pavements, the heralds exclaimed:

"Behold the harness of a miscreant!"

Trembling and bent beneath the weight of shame the craven stood, while they smote the golden spurs from his heels, and broke his dishonored sword above his head, and the terrible requiem wailed over the perished emblems of his former innocence.

The Grand Master of the Templars then entered upon the stage, bearing a silver basin filled with tepid water, and the herald, holding it up, exclaimed: "By what name call men the knight before us?"

The pursuivants answered: "The name which was given him in baptism—the name by which his father was known—the name confirmed to him in chivalry in Sir Francis D'Essai."

The heralds again replied: "Falsehood sits upon his tongue and rules in his heart; he is a miscreant, traitor, and infidel."

Immediately, the Grand Master, in imitation of baptism, dashed water in his face, saying: "Henceforth be thou called by thy right name—Traitor!"

Then the heralds rang out a shrill note upon the trumpets, expressive of the demand, "What shall be done with the false-hearted knave?"

King Edward, in his majesty, arose, and in a

voice agitated with the sense of the awful penalty, replied: "Let him with dishonor and shame be banished from the kingdom of Christ, let his brethren curse him, and let not the angels of God intercede for him."

Immediately each knight drew his sword, and presenting its gleaming point against the now defenceless D'Essai, crowded him down the steps to the altar, where the pursuivants seized him, forced him into his coffin, and placed him on the bier, and the attendant priests completed the burial service over his polluted name and his perjured soul. At a sign from the King, the bearers took up the bier, and all the vast congregation followed in sad procession to the city gates, where they thrust him out, a thing accursed, while the great bell from the lofty tower of the cathedral told the tale of his infamy in tones of terrible significance: "Gone—gone—gone—virtue, faith, and truth! Lost—lost—lost—honor, fame, and love!" From Carmel's hoary height to Tabor's sacred top, each halloved hill and vale reverberated the awful knell: "Gone and lost—lost and gone!" and the breeze that swept the plain of Eadrælon caught up the dismal echo, and seemed hurrying across the Mediterranean to whisper to the chivalry of Europe the dreadful story of his degradation.

Stung by the weight of woe that had fallen upon him, the miserable D'Essai rose and gazed across the plain. An arid waste spread out before him like the prosperity of his own dreary future, blackened and desolate by the reign of evil passions.

Life!—what had it been to him? A feverish dream, a burning thirst, a restless, unsatisfied desire! Virtue—honor—truth—idle words; their solemn mockery yet rang in his ears. He ran—he flew, anywhere, to flee the haunting thoughts that trooped like fiends upon his track! He neared the banks of the river; its cooling waters, rolling on in their eternal channel, promised to allay his fever and bury his dishonored name in oblivion. He plunged in—that ancient river swept away, the river Kishon; and as he sank to rise no more, a deep voice exclaimed: "So perish thine enemies, O Lord!"—*Days of Chivalry.*

THE AUNT'S PRESENT.

"A rag carpet? For a wedding present?" cried Mrs. Blythe Barrington.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," said Miss Florella Arnold, the first bridesmaid.

While Zenobia Barrington, the bride elect, sat among her frills, laces and muslins with an expression of the supremest scorn on her pretty doll face.

And the obnoxious roll, enveloped in packing canvas and safely secured with twine at either end, lay on the floor in the centre of the little circle.

"For mercy's sake!" hissed Miss Arnold, "who is this Aunt Tribulation or Despondency, or whatever her name is?"

"Aunt Consolation Peck," corrected Zenobia. "Why, she's mamma's maiden aunt, and she's very rich, and—and I do think she might have sent me a set of diamonds, at the very least. Mean old thing!"

"Where does she live?" asked Helen Delancey, the second bridesmaid, who sat by the table, stitching white ribbon into jaunty little bows.

"She don't live anywhere," disconsolately answered the bride. "She died last month; and she was always telling people that mamma was her favorite niece—horrid, treacherous old woman—and now she's gone and served me so!"

"Shall I call John to open it?" suggested Miss Arnold.

"No!" cried Mrs. Barrington, with emphasis. "A rag carpet opened here! Let it be taken up into the lumber-room at once. It's the strangest idea—but Aunt Consolation always was the most eccentric old being in creation."

"But if she's so rich, I dare say she's left you a snug little sum of money," said Miss Delancey, rather enviously.

"That she hasn't," Mrs. Barrington answered, biting her lip. "It has all gone to be divided among a swarm of relations, to most of whom Aunt Consolation would not speak while she was alive. Too provoking for anything!"

"What's that, John?" as the servant came into the room. "A gentleman and lady with a carpet-bag downstairs? Mr. and Mrs. Docktop? My goodness gracious!" with a despairing glance at her daughter, "if it isn't your cousin Ruth Ann, that married a farmer, and lives in Aunt Consolation's very house! And we shall have to ask her to stay to the wedding, I suppose."

Mrs. Docktop, a stout little body in a dyed black silk dress, and atrocious yellow butterflies on her hat, looked admiringly at the wedding preparations.

"You've got an elegant house, to be sure, Cousin Barrington," said she. "But," with a dubious glance at the handsome Brussels carpet, "I don't nowhere see the rag carpet that Aunt Consolation left to Zenobia."

"Humph!" sniffed the bride's mother. "As if we would use that thing."

"You don't mean to use it?"

"Of course not."

"Well, p'haps then," said Cousin Ruth, with a shrewd eye to business, "you'd sell it to me cheap. I need something for the best room floor, and if two pounds—"

Mrs. Blythe Barrington hesitated.

They were a family who made a great show

on a small foundation, and, although two pounds was not much, still it would help to pay the outrageous dressmaking bill which she so dreaded to submit to her husband's supervision.

"Well," she began, "I am sure I have no objections, if Zenobia—"

"Oh, do get the old thing out of the house, no matter how," exclaimed Zenobia, petulantly; and so the matter was settled.

Mr. and Mrs. Docktop remained to the wedding, and when they returned home, they bore with them the rag carpet.

"It's as cheap as dirt," said Mrs. Docktop. "For Aunt Consolation wove it herself, and whatever she made was well made."

"Wasn't good enough for them Barringtons, though," reflectively added her husband. "I wouldn't put it down afore autumn, if I was you, Ruth Ann."

When autumn had come, showering its red leaves down on the roof of the old house, and painting the blackberry vines with scarlet, Mr. Docktop came home one day, to where his wife was absorbed in the periodical whirl of house cleaning.

"Heard the news?" he asked with a straw in his mouth.

"News. No. What news?"

"That there fellow that Zenoby Barrington married; he's failed."

"Failed? No!"

"But he has though. Smashed clean up. Not a copper left to bless himself with."

Poor Zenobia Arran sat alone in her elegantly-furnished boudoir, with the traces of tears on her cheeks, and hands, whereupon the wedding ring yet shone with all the gloss of newness, clasped dejectedly on her lap.

"It's no use, Bridget," she cried, reluctantly, to the girl who came slowly up from answering the bell. "I can't see any one. Why didn't you tell them 'not at home'?"

"It's your relations, ma'am," said Bridget, in a whisper. "Mr. and Mrs. Docktop, ma'am, they told me to say."

"Oh, dea-a-r!" sighed Mrs. Arran. "Why can't people stay away? But I suppose I have got to see them."

And slowly and unwillingly enough she went down stairs to the elegant drawing-room, where, upon the extreme edge of one of the satin damask chairs, with his hat balanced between his knees, and his wife opposite, sat Mr. Reuben Docktop.

"Well, Cousin Zenoby," he began, "I don't s'pose you expected to see me here."

"No, I did not," said Mrs. Arran, rather brusquely.

"Well, you see, me and Ruth Ann, we was a puttin' down our new rag carpet—the one we bought of your mother for two pounds—well, we was unrollin' it, and out fell a paper. 'What's that?' says Ruth Ann. 'I'm blessed if I know!' says I. 'Well, look,' says she. And I looked—and I'll be jiggered, added Mr. Docktop, with extreme positiveness, 'if it wasn't Aunt Consolation's will!'"

"Will!" vaguely repeated Mrs. Arran.

"Last will and testament ye know," explained Mr. Docktop, with a wave of his hand. "And I've got it, done up in brown paper, in the breast pocket of my overcoat," tapping the spot with a brown, stubbed forefinger. "I won't say but there was a temptation just at the first to destroy the old paper, and not say nothin' about it. But Ruth Ann, says she, 'Reuben, you know 'twouldn't be no pleasure livin' in a place we knowed wasn't fairly our'n.' And I b'lieve she was right."

"Mr. Docktop," cried Zenobia, "what do you mean?"

"I mean," said Reuben, coming to the point at last—"and I said so, didn't I?—that Aunt Consolation Peck she writ a will, and left all her property—all, mind—to you, and hid it right in the middle of the rag carpet she sent you as a weddin' present the week afore she died."

"It cannot be possible!" gasped Zenobia, feeling as if a golden shower were falling around her, for Aunt Consolation was rich in land and gold.

"Ef you don't b'lieve it, here is the will itself," said honest Reuben, producing it from its place of safe keeping.

And Zenobia's heart reproached her for the obloquy with which she had treated Aunt Consolation Peck's wedding gift.

She was rich again—this time with none of the fleeting wealth that turns to dead leaves in the grasp, but real substantial possessions.

But Reuben Docktop and Ruth Ann his wife dwelt on in the farmhouse under the hill.

"For it is the least I can do, Cousin Docktop," said Mrs. Arran, "to beg you to accept the old homestead as a reward for your magnanimous conduct."

"Laud!" cried Reuben, "I ain't done nothin' but my duty."

But we do not all of us do that in this world.

ON the anniversaries of remarkable events, and on great occasions, Louis-Philippe was accustomed to give grand dinners, to which members of the National Guard were always invited. As the invitations were sent out somewhat haphazard, comic scenes sometimes occurred—as, for instance, when a certain captain swallowed, without moving a muscle, the contents of his finger-glass, believing that a Spanish liqueur had been set before him. One day, after Fieschi's attempt upon the sovereign's life, the king gave a grand banquet, at which the National Guard from all parts was well represented, a colonel of most military aspect being seated on the right of the king. Dish after dish had been

served, with wines to match, when a servant whispered in the guest's ear, "Château Lafitte 1822, sir?" The colonel assented, and, when his glass was full, he "sighted" it carefully, scented it *en connaisseur*, raised it to his lips, took a mouthful, passed it slowly over his palate, swallowed it, and then, smacking his lips, and turning to the king, said, "Well, if they give you that for Lafitte of 1822, they are just humbugging you!" The king's surprise may be imagined. The colonel was the principal "taster" of Bordeaux—one of those men who, in tasting blended wines, will tell infallibly of what growths they are composed.

A NEGRO in Columbia, Ga., dreamed that he found five dollars at a certain place in a street. He went to the spot next morning, found one dollar, and now he accuses the ghost who told him to go there of stealing the other four dollars.

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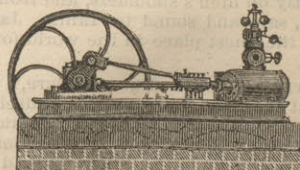
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